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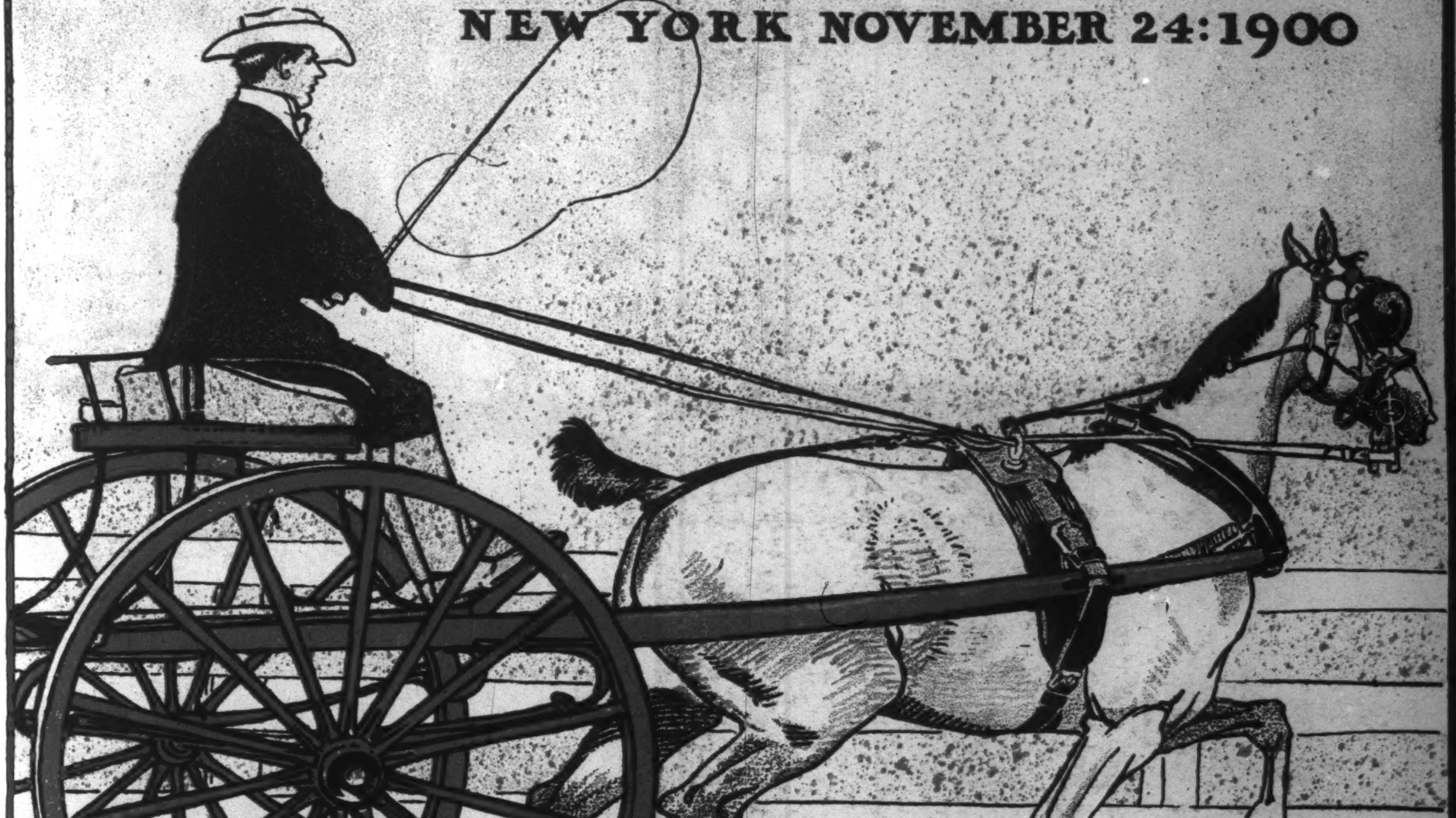
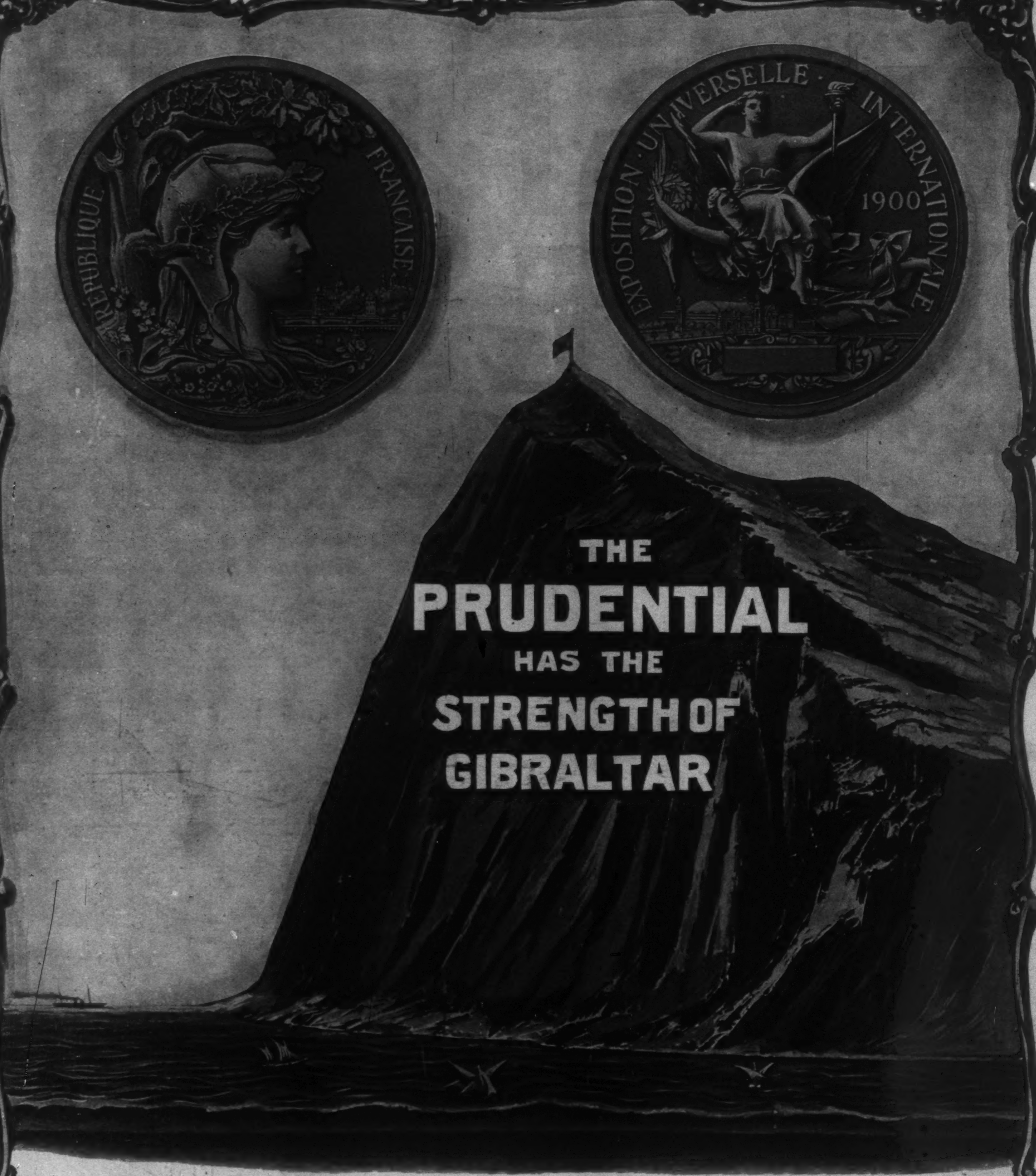
HARPER'S WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization

NEW YORK NOVEMBER 24:1900





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Nov. 24
1900

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LI HUNG-CHANG, IN THE PALACE, TIENTSIN.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

TWENTY-FOUR PAGES

NEW YORK CITY, NOVEMBER 24, 1900

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The Ideal Newspaper

THE venerable Dr. PARKHURST has once more broken silence and has come forth with a statement as to the qualities a newspaper must possess to be considered ideal. It appears from certain things that Dr. PARKHURST says that in his judgment up to the present time this journal of his fancy does not exist, but he intimates that there are actually living to-day a number of good people who stand ready to give substantial financial aid to the project which shall remove the perfect newspaper from the realm of things dreamed of to the world of stern reality, and we are given reason to hope that erelong we shall find the millennial journal delivered at our homes in time to give zest to our breakfast, if we choose to welcome it within our doors. There is no doubt that all that Dr. PARKHURST says about the journal he would have established is true. The qualities which he enumerates as essential to perfection are one and all eminently desirable, and have for many years been recognized as such by competent editors everywhere, and in so far as they have been permitted to put them into operation on the newspapers in their control, the principles laid down as guiding ones by the eminent divine have been adopted by editors and proprietors everywhere. Indeed, it is probable that the good doctor has unconsciously absorbed his ideals from a study of the public prints themselves, and that so far from being an iridescent dream, the perfect newspaper is actually in existence to-day, unrecognized by the bulk of us perhaps, since men's ideals differ, but none the less a concrete thing. We do not ourselves know of a newspaper which we consider wholly perfect, but we do know of plenty of newspapers which are as nearly ideal for the particular clientele they seek as they can ever hope to be, or as we can ever hope to have them. Qualities which we admire in one journal may be conspicuously absent from another, and yet the journal which lacks these particular admirable qualities may possess virtues which the first one lacks, and which would bring irretrievable ruin to the first one if it had them. As a matter of fact, in newspapers, as in everything else in this world, one must cut one's cloth to suit the occasion, and it is no more possible to settle upon a definite ideal of a newspaper for all men than it is to adopt a suit of clothes of a standard size and quality and say that it shall fit and be becoming to everybody. A point that gentlemen like Dr. PARKHURST and others seem to forget is that newspaper proprietors are not in business for their health wholly. No doubt they would like to be, but it is an unhappy fact that the production of a daily newspaper is an expensive affair, and as yet it has occurred to no one to place these noble instruments for the promotion of the public welfare upon the basis of an endowed university or a church. If newspapers were run by Boards of Trustees, like Yale College, for instance, or by vestries, such as they have at Trinity Church, or were backed up by large and influential congregations like that which confronts Dr. PARKHURST every Sunday morning, they might be able to proceed along certain arbitrarily ideal lines which would commend them to those who find little to like in the journals of the day, but we fear they would have little influence in spite of these ideal qualities. The very first thing a newspaper editor must do to be of influence in the world is to secure the ear, and through it the regard, of those to whom he speaks through the types. If he fail to do this, he may hope for no good results, financial or moral, from his efforts. It would be an absurd kindness to a lover of one of the so-called yellow journals to send him gratis the *Evening Post* or the Boston *Transcript* for a year. He would not enjoy them; would shortly cease to read them, and would remain true to the paper of his choice; and yet each of these newspapers has a distinct value to the community in which it is published; virtues which are peculiar to themselves, each its own; and an influence which would be materially lessened in every case if the methods of the one were to be adopted in the management of the others.

On the whole, it is probably the fact that it is not so much the newspapers that need to be reformed as the readers of newspapers. If readers do not care for the sensational and the vulgar things of life, they will soon cease to have them thrust upon them. There is in all things a law of supply and demand, which will ever be potent in shaping the destiny of all human enterprises; which insures success or predicates failure, accordingly as it is observed or ignored. It is to the question of the demand that our reformers should look, and in uplifting the quality of this it is our earnest conviction that Dr. PARKHURST will be acting more in the line of his intellectual gifts than in the editing or the formulating of the kind of newspaper that will do the greatest good to the greatest number of readers. If Dr. PARKHURST will provide 500,000 ideal readers for the enterprise, there can be no doubt of the success of his ideal newspaper. If he fails to do so, the old ideals now in operation will doubtless continue in vogue for as long a time as the public seems to care for them.

The Revival of Whipping

WE have been interested to note a conspicuous revival of the discussion of whipping as a punishment for crime. The general impression among well-informed men is that our penal institutions are too popular among criminals to be strongly deterring influences. The penitentiaries have been developed along lines which are too purely ideal from the offenders' point of view to act as a restraint upon their evil tendencies, and it is felt in many quarters that something less comfortable than free board and lodging for a term of years, with a modest amount of daily toil to increase the appetite, is demanded to make crime more unpopular as a profession. Whipping seems to be the most feasible and humane deterrent available. It certainly fills the offender with a wholesome dread, and physical pain is something which most of the hardened criminals fear more than the loss of personal liberty, to which by degrees they become used. Certainly, whether or not the whipping-post be revived—and there are potent arguments against its resurrection—we have latterly been surprised at the attitude the man in jail has been permitted to assume in the eyes of society. Our penal institutions provide not only bread and butter, three substantial meals a day, lodging, and absorbing occupation for the malefactors who have been sequestrated for a period by the operations of the law, but much entertainment is afforded them. Evenings of magic, and even authors' readings, have been provided for them; musicales are a frequent source of entertainment, and there is to-day published for their amusement and exploitation a prison journal, edited and contributed to by those who are serving terms of imprisonment for various crimes—a journal from whose columns the prison-made jokes are quoted as freely by metropolitan newspapers as are those of the free and independent comic papers. We do not exaggerate the situation when we say that the prison life of the offenders of the day is made far pleasanter and more comfortable for the average of them than that which they enjoy when they are free. This may be a humane method for the time being. Whether it effects the greatest good for the greatest number is a serious question. Society should not, of course, be vindictive in meting out justly incurred punishment, but neither should it err in the other direction, and by a too complacent attitude toward the law-breaker destroy the reformatory influence of his punishment, and to that extent encourage him to continue in his career of crime.

A good whipping administered in private would possibly be far more effective as a preventive than a period of comfortable sequestration upon the banks of the Hudson River or in any other of the first-class criminal hostelries of the country.

A Strenuous President

THEY have a strenuous President in Costa Rica. This statesman, having decided in his own mind that certain recent fires in Port Limon were of incendiary origin and prompted by a desire on the part of over-insured owners to dispose of their property in the easiest, quickest, and most profitable manner, has decreed that hereafter there shall be no such thing as fire-insurance in his bailiwick. President YGLESIAS holds that if there had been no insurance there would have been no fire, and inasmuch as he considers an ounce of prevention worth quite a pound of cure, he has taken the bull by the horns and banished insurance from his state. Further than this, he requires that buildings erected to replace those destroyed shall be constructed of fire-proof material, and within two years every frame building now standing must be replaced by a fire-proof structure. Naturally so arbitrary an act as this on the part of the Costa-Rican President carries consternation into the hearts of many of his fellow-citizens, and the results of the decree will be watched with some interest. Meanwhile, while we cannot, of course, approve of this autocratic display of authority, we cannot help wishing that in our own community there were some public official—of the Dogberry order, maybe, but yet full of determination to stop abuses—who would make certain disasters of recent occurrence impossible of repetition. Several weeks have passed since an apparently peaceful drug-house in New York city blew up, destroying much property, killing a number of people, and endangering the lives of hundreds of others, but as yet no responsibility for the disaster has been fixed, and at this writing even the precise cause of the explosion is unknown. An YGLESIAS or two at headquarters, even if they made nothing but mistakes, might shake matters up somewhat in this somnolent community before a recurrence of the disaster emphasizes the need for prompt and decisive action.

The Fight for Reform

IT is a good sign to see all the vigor that the respective elements of reform in municipal affairs are putting into the opening guns of their campaign to wrest this city from the hands of the Philistines. Both wings of the attacking host are expending their most strenuous energies in paying compliments of a backhanded sort to each other. Such internal warfare as must inevitably manifest itself in a combination of somewhat diverse elements is being properly waged, and if both parties will only fight their own individual quarrels fiercely to a finish now, and then get together in the common cause against the enemy, all will be well. It is far better that these differences of opinion should be threshed out at this time than that the fires of conflict should be allowed to smoulder to break out with destructive fierceness when the margin of time for reconciliation is perilously close to the limit. We earnestly hope that neither side will spare the other, now that the conflict is on and there is plenty of time left in which they may kiss and make up, for we confidently believe that out of the fierce fire of these differences both sides will emerge purified and stronger for the fray. From this on to the spring of 1901, then, let the battle wax hot, and then when the first blossoms of May begin to show themselves on the trees let the olive-branch be mutually extended, let coats come off, and the contending parties stand shoulder to shoulder, presenting a common front to the enemy.

These preliminary scrimmages should have no greater significance than those between two football elevens of the same university. The final eleven is always the stronger for a series of preliminary battles between the "scrubs."

A CENTURY OF ACHIEVEMENT

MUSIC

By Philip Hale

ARREY VON DOMMER, the author of a singularly accurate, clear, philosophical, sane, and concise history of music, ended his book with the death of Beethoven (1827), although he signed his name to the preface of a revised edition as late as 1878. A student of the shifting fashions in music, he was not prepared to admit the abiding influence of any composer that worked after the first performance of the Ninth Symphony; he was not willing to treat as solid and substantial that which he felt to be still undetermined in form, or liquid, or vaporous; he felt himself too near these successors to judge of them with any unerring sense of perspective; he had no desire to play the prophet; he was not impressed by the shout, "Hats off, gentlemen: a genius comes!"; nor was he stunned by the drums and trumpets of contemporaneous and tumultuous praise. To him the development of music ended historically with the death of Beethoven. Has there been any true development since the Ninth Symphony and the last enigmatical string quartets of the same composer?

A man might claim seriously and without a passion for paradox that in certain ways music has not developed during the nineteenth century. Take, for instance, the tools with which orchestral writers work. There are no string instruments that rival those made by the old Italians. If you should mention the names of Böhm and Sax as improvers of wood-wind and brass, he might reply that the oboe, clarinet, flute, bassoon, horn, and trumpet have, in a measure, lost their distinctive qualities, that their *timbre* is not to-day so sharply defined; and he might say that certain instruments of peculiar charm have been allowed to disappear from the orchestra. He might ask: In choral music has any composer of this century equalled or even approached the music of Palestrina, di Lasso, Bach, Handel? Has Wagner with all his genius and the resources at his command surpassed Gluck in his directness, truthfulness, intensity? Has Verdi with his "Falstaff" driven "Le Nozze di Figaro" from the stage? Do you claim for a moment that programme-music is an invention of this century? You forget the choral programme-music of Jannequin, the piano programme-music of Kuhnau, the symphonic programme-music of Dittersdorf? And go back again to instruments: the organs of Cavaillé-Coll are, indeed, masterpieces of art, and yet have they the sonorous diapason quality of an organ by Silbermann? The modern grand-piano is a formidable, a wonderful machine; but is it a musical instrument? Is it not swollen, bombastic, out of proportion; a thing that demands a great hall, a full orchestra, an athletic, acrobatic pianist? Even now is there not a desire on the part of the thoughtful to return to a more modest instrument, which will be content with the inherent, inevitable limitations, and not clamor for a position to which it has no right? Nor am I prepared to admit that the popular interest to-day in music is greater proportionally than in preceding centuries, when even in England handicraftsmen and laborers of all kinds sang at their tasks, when princes, popes, and cardinals vied with each other in cultivation and support of music, when the wandering virtuoso was consulted in affairs of state, when thirty thousand gathered themselves together in the church of St. Peter at Rome to hear the organ played by Frescobaldi.

Now music is not a fixed art; there must be progress or a step backward; and even the lover of paradox would admit that, upon the whole, there has been development. This development is necessarily shaped by the character of each successive period. Especially is this true of the opera, which, like the play, reflects the liking of the audience. The musician that deliberately writes to gain the favor of this audience enjoys only temporary fame; but there have been men who, accommodating themselves to the spirit of their period, through sheer genius have so vitalized conventional formulas that their music has survived the music of less richly endowed contemporaries, and it gives delight to-day; witness the "Don Giovanni" and the "Nozze di Figaro" of Mozart, who, never a revolutionary in dramatic work, accepted the formulas of his period and glorified Italian opera. There have also been men, as Gluck and Wagner, who, with prefaces and theories, exerted an influence that was felt outside the theatre. These men founded no schools, for their deliberate imitators have been few and short-lived. The influence that endures is leaven — not a replica, not pattern-work.

No man can escape wholly from hereditary and traditional modes of thought and expression, or from his *milieu;* and the period in which he lives shapes his way after he has sifted the gold from the dross of periods that have gone before. Bach could not have written the operas and the more dramatic oratorios of Handel any more than Handel could have written the Passion Music according to Matthew. Individuality, after acceptance and rejection, changes gradually the spirit of the period. There was a time in the eighteenth century when the chief end of music was, to use the words of Athenæus, "to soften moroseness of temper, dissipate sadness, and produce affability and a sort of gentlemanlike joy." There was no intense passion; there was the thought of classic beauty. The chief characteristic of Mozart is an olympian serenity, and when he is intense, which is seldom, there is the cool and harmonious passion of the antique frieze. Then came the French Revolution, the Napoleonic wars that influenced the operas of Spontini, the wave of romanticism that swept the continent of Europe and moved musician as well as poet and dramatist. Life became more complex, the nerves more easily thrilled, and it is to-day a neurotic world that acclaims Wagner, Tschaikowsky, and Richard Strauss. To-day sees the triumph of the dissonance. And yet the lover of paradox would tell you that the field of music has been sown with dissonances since "Sumer is icumin in" was sung in England.

What men since Beethoven have had the most to do with the development of music? or if you prefer the word "change" to "development," what men have been chiefly instrumental in shaping music into its present condition? I think that nearly all the students of musical history would agree upon these names: Schumann, Chopin, Berlioz, Liszt, Wagner. Schubert was a solitary singer, like the hermit-thrush. The genteel Mendelssohn had genteel imitators, especially in England, where the aggressive morality of his life and his intercourse with Victoria and her consort made him a favorite and established him as a tradition. We are too near Brahms to judge how far his influence will extend. At present men without melodic invention and with technical skill attempt to pour their sluggish thoughts into his mould. Tschaikowsky is an eclectic with a passionate voice of his own. Grieg and many of the neo-Russian school are intoxicated with nationality; and parochial music, however it may interest as an exotic, has no abiding influence in another parish. Haydn employed Croatian folk-song, Beethoven used Russian themes; but this employment of national melody is not in their works an essential element of the beauty or the strength of the music, and the hearer would not know of the employment were it not for antiquarians and commentators. The influence of Ponchielli, as also that of Verdi—O thrice honored name!—has been strongly marked of late years in Italy, but it has not crossed the Alps to convert or colonize.

Schumann, a romantic poet of the piano and of song, quickened knowledge and appreciation of rhythmic devices, infused individuality into old forms, and created what may be called tone-miniatures, tone-cameos. A symphonic writer of inferior rank, he stands next to Chopin in his use of the piano as a medium of personal expression. His best songs, while they have not perhaps the artlessness of Schubert, who sang with the *naïveté* of William Blake, while they have not the easy lyric sweep of Schubert, are, nevertheless, inimitable, incomparable, in their cry of distress, aspiration, passion. Unfortunately, Schumann wrote much that shows merely the desire for dry technical proficiency and the dull working of a wearied, distracted brain. The voice of Schumann is heard distinctly to-day in every land. Full appreciation of his genius is of comparatively recent date. And now there is not so much direct imitation as unconscious absorption of his romantic spirit, poignant intensity, and curiosity in rhythm. As a thinker in orchestral expression he is without any authority whatever; but in the best piano music of the last twenty years you find Schumann, whether the composer be Russian, German, or Frenchman.

Chopin revolutionized piano music. A devout student of Bach, he thus influenced mightily the harmonic structure of all modern music. He killed forever the dreary belief in form only for form's sake. Not that he rejected form, but by his use of things indispensable to coherency and homogeneity, by the beauty of his poetry and the rare felicity of his language, the dry bones of formalism are covered so completely that they are no more thought of than are the mere materials of Botticelli, or the grammatical rules forgotten by Pater. Much nonsense has been written about his melancholy, his patriotism, his amours; but no praise of his wondrous poetic feeling, his exquisite originality, his fastidiousness in detail, can be extravagant or fulsome. He did not teach by pamphlets or verbal instruction; he showed by music itself that conventionality in music is an absurd offence, a boresome crime. His genius violated long-established rules, not through caprice, not through any spirit of vainglory, but with the inevitableness of the supreme artist. He, as Schumann, was great in small things. They proved beyond doubt and peradventure that a masterpiece is not necessarily a concerto or a sonata, just as Poe maintained that the impression made by a work of art, the effect it produces, rather than the time it took to impress effect or "the amount of 'sustained effort' which had been found necessary in effecting the impression," should be the chief factor in the final judgment. Their task, their triumph, was, to quote Poe again, "the rhythmical creation of beauty." In this creation lies their influence, an influence as deeply rooted, as widespread, as that of Wagner, who followed them, although it is not as noisy and spectacular.

There were brave song-writers before Schubert. Purcell, some of the older Italians, Handel, Mozart the opera-maker, these left behind them imperishable melodies. But the nineteenth century is distinctly the century of the development of the art-song and of orchestration. It is not too much to say that the creator of modern orchestration was Hector Berlioz. There had been strivings and experiments before him, but there was little for him to build upon. He was the inventor, the creator, of the modern orchestra, and there is nothing in the history of music more remarkable than the courage, the audacity, the imagination, of this man, who was without marked melodic gift, without a thorough technical education, without practical mastery of any one important instrument. He not only shaped the future of orchestral expression in France, but Liszt learned from him, Wagner leaned heavily upon him, the neo-modern Russian composers, whose orchestration dazzles through brilliance of color, are his direct descendants. His pupils are now living, they are in all lands, whether they write for the concert-stage or theatre. The splendor of Berlioz's orchestration is still undimmed; yea, he shines with greater brilliance in comparison with the most ambitious of his followers. For Berlioz, with all his alleged extravagance in the use of instruments, is always clear, lucid, sonorous, sane. He does not use an instrument simply because it is at hand. When he uses it, it is for an express purpose, and the characteristic quality of that instrument is at once felt; it is recognized as necessary to the fulfilment of the plan.

Absolute music was carried to its farthest possibility, as it would seem to us now, by Beethoven; for I do not suppose that any one would insist on placing a symphony by Tschaikowsky, Brahms, Bruckner, or even César Franck, for sheer sublimity of thought, fully abreast of the few great symphonies of Beethoven. The development from Beethoven was not, then, a development; it was a departure. And one of the features of music in this century is the commanding position taken by what is known as the symphonic poem, or programme-music. There was a time when music was simply the expression of musical ideas. It did not profess to be panoramic or minutely descriptive. (I have noted exceptions to this rule; but these exceptions are few, and they did not influence contemporaries or the men of the next generation.)

To Berlioz and Liszt may be justly ascribed the firm establishment of programme-music, music that depends on a close association of ideas that are not musical for success or failure, for enjoyment or disapproval. The field is a wide one, and since the apparition of Richard Strauss it is without barriers. There is the modest form of programme-music: Tschaikowsky writes "Romeo and Juliet," and the hearer is left to his own imagination. MacDowell writes "Lancelot and Elaine" or "Hamlet and Ophelia," and there is no printed text for the instruction of the audience. Smetana has his "Richard III." Others go a little farther, as Raff, Liszt, Berlioz. Saint-Saëns stands apart and looks half quizzically at his own work. "Do you hear Hercules groaning in rage? You are welcome, if thus you are pleased. Is the oboe the mocking voice of Omphale? Just as you please. Name anything to suit yourself." But there are composers of symphonic poems who are like unto

the man known to the Hebrew prophet; they make their idols and then fall down and worship. There is Balakireff with his "Russia," in which he portrays musically—at least to his own satisfaction—the history of his country, paganism, Cossack democracy, and modern Russia. There are many, much younger, who are not content with writing music for its own sake; they must needs illustrate musically a poem, a statue, a novel, a philosophical work; and finally comes Richard Strauss after his extraordinary "Thus Spake Zarathustra" with his "Heldenleben," in which he gravely puts into music his own biography—his struggles, his disputes with critics, and the final apotheosis with the triumphal chariot and the ascent to the skies. Much of this programme-music is grotesque; much of it is dull; some of it is marvellously beautiful and effective as music without thought of any gloss or story. The picture in *Punch* of the æsthete at the piano "playing the plate" would not seem laughable to these composers of the modern school. And in truth it is no more ridiculous to illustrate musically a decorated plate than to portray in music a saint walking on the waves or preaching to the birds. Liszt, who was the father of a modern piano technic, and sworn defender of programme-music—Berlioz, the inventor of modern orchestration — these were the founders of the school of which to-day Richard Strauss is the most prominent and extravagant and able member.

Wagner, owing a heavy debt to many, among them Berlioz, Liszt — yes, and even Meyerbeer — by his prodigious skill in contrapuntal orchestration, by his scenic instinct, by his indomitable energy in the proclamation of his theories and by the devotion of friends crowned and humble, changed the form of opera. While it is true that he left no operatic school, it is also true that fundamental ideas hinted at by others but perfected and realized by him now rule in nearly every opera-house of importance. His dramatic work is a part of the period in which we live, just as Offenbach was the voice of the Second Empire. It is a restless, nervous, pessimistic, neurotic age, and the music that belongs to it is as much a part of it as the philosophy of Nietzsche or the uplifting pessimism of Tolstoi. It changed not only the course of opera, it made the dramatic singer a necessity; it made the musical world weary of certain surviving conventionalities in song and action, in stereotyped orchestral formulas. There has been a revolt since the death of Wagner, whose theories and music, never accepted by the remarkable Russian school, have been without any direct influence over the members. In Italy the cry "*Verismo!*" was raised. Legends and myths were abandoned for tales of lust and blood and squalor; the heroes and heroines were the lowest and very human mortals, not gods and goddesses and demigods. A short dramatic shriek was preferred to an approach of four hours to a climax. But even in this protest against his theories and works the voice of Wagner is heard, and it will be heard long after his pamphlets are known only to antiquarians, long after his improvements are regarded in their turn as conventionalities, if not commonplaces.

Nor do we find this spirit of the period only in opera and symphonic poem; it is in chamber-music, piano music, song, singer, player. The general standard of instrumental technic was never so high as it is to-day, and the altars of technic are smoking with the sacrifice. When a pianist plays, the chief question is, "What does he think of Chopin, Schumann, or Beethoven?" and not, "Is he a true interpreter?"; for in 1900 the individuality of the performer is of more consequence than that of the composer. The singer must, first of all, be "dramatic," and the question is "What does he (or she) make of the song?" There is the virtuoso conductor, who travels from London to St. Petersburg, and is paid lavishly for a lime-light display of temperament.

Nor is it necessary to deplore this, nor is it just to reproach a composer or a performer for being of his own period. To insist that the music of the classics still deserves the closest and the most liberal attention is to play the part of the querulous old man whose neck is twisted by looking backward at that which was dear to him in youth and middle age. These classics were in their day radicals, revolutionaries, terrible fellows. There was a time when the prelude to "Tristan und Isolde" was considered as the limit of absurd and distressing dissonance; and now in comparison with Vincent d'Indy's prelude to "Médée" it is as the music of Haydn to Beethoven's last string quartet. I personally may hold that Gluck's overture to "Iphigénie en Aulide" is more passionate and tragic than a symphonic poem by Liszt or Tschaikowsky; that the former with simplest means creates a mood which the latter with all their striving and pother fail to awaken; but this proves nothing. Gluck in his day was an extraordinary exception, and more musicians create moods in 1900 than did their predecessors in 1774.

And we come back to the position of von Dommer. Since the death of Beethoven the development of music has been chiefly in matters and manners of expression; for what in other respects is commonly accepted as development may be only transitory phases. But the work of Beethoven belongs to this century, and he is surely among the greatest of the great. Chopin and Schumann, we know, are not merely of their own day and generation. Whatever the end of another century may say of Wagner, Verdi, Tschaikowsky, Richard Strauss, it is something to have lived during the period in which their works aroused fierce discussion. And without contending praise and blame, without angry dispute, art is smug and stagnant; it is a thing of trifling importance, which may amuse the frivolous for an hour or so, but is without reasonable excuse for being.

General Wood addressing the Delegates.

THE CUBAN CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION, HAVANA, NOVEMBER 5, 1900.

THE most important step toward the accomplishment of Cuban independence was taken Monday, November 5, when the Constitutional Convention was held. The ceremony took place in the Marti Theatre, Havana, in the presence of a large crowd of Cubans. Major-General Leonard Wood, accompanied by his staff, in full uniform, made the opening speech, and among other things said to the delegates:

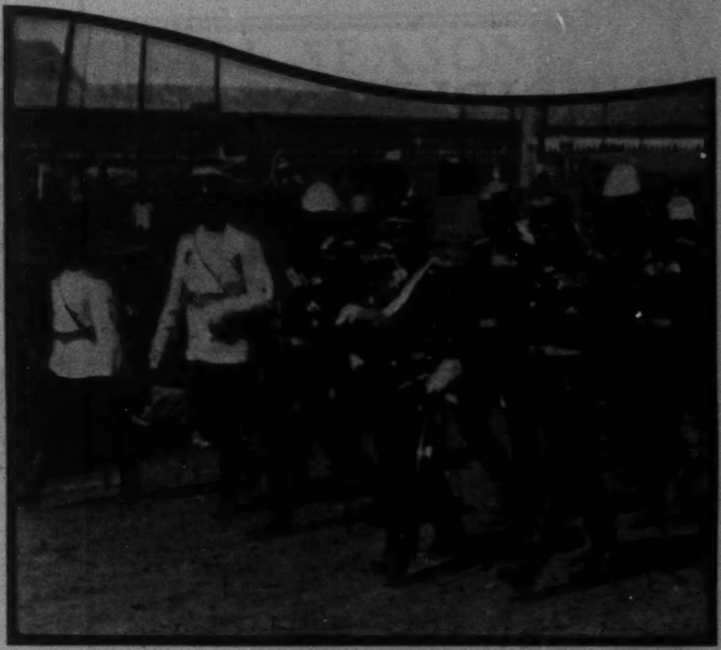
"It will be your duty, first, to frame and adopt a Constitution of Cuba, and when that has been done to formulate what in your opinion ought to be the relations between Cuba and the United States. The Constitution must be adequate to secure a stable, orderly, and free government. When you have formulated the relations which in your opinion ought to exist between Cuba and the United States, the government of the United States will doubtless take such action on its part as shall lead to a final and authoritative agreement between the people of the two countries to the promotion of their common interests.

"All friends of Cuba will follow your deliberations with the deepest interest, earnestly desiring that you will reach just conclusions, and that by the dignity, individual self-restraint, and wise conservatism which shall characterize your proceedings the capacity of the Cuban people for representative government may be signally illustrated. The fundamental distinction between true representative government and dictatorship is that in the former every representative of the people, in whatever office, confines himself strictly within the limits of his well-defined powers. Without such restraint there can be no free and constitutional government. Under the order pursuant to which you have been elected and convened you have no duty and no authority to take part in the present government of the island. Your powers are strictly limited to the terms of that order."

Before leaving the convention General Wood nominated the Sub-Secretary of State to act as temporary chairman. Immediately thereafter the oldest delegate present, Señor Llorente, was elected permanent chairman of the convention. A discussion arose as to what rules should be adopted by the convention, and Señor Aleman suggested that the regulations of the Yara Convention, held several years ago in Puerto Principe, be adopted.

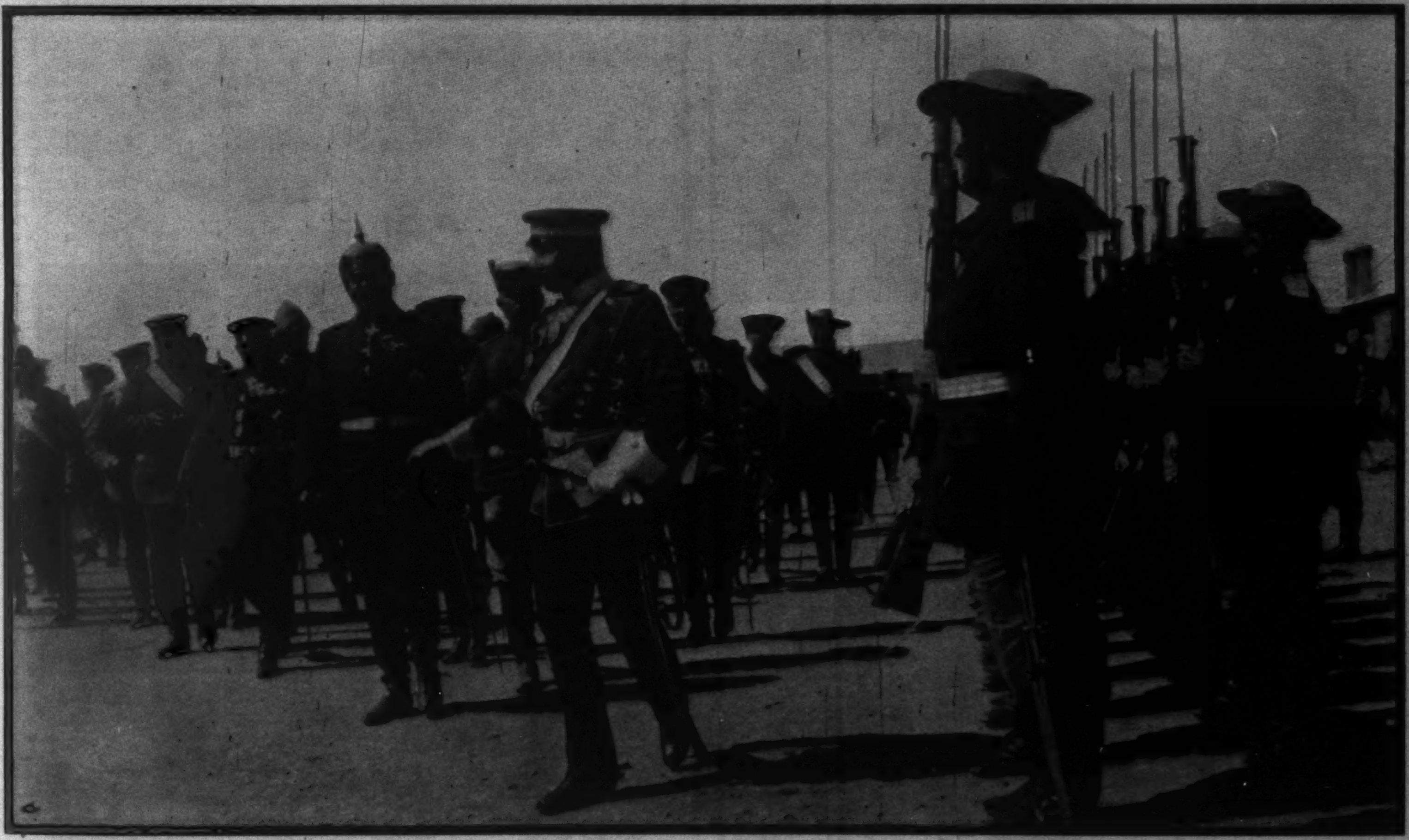
The convention adjourned after discussing the adoption of these regulations, but without taking any definite action in the matter, and after adopting a resolution of thanks to the President of the United States and General Wood for their attitude toward the Cuban people.

Li Hung-Chang in his Room in the Palace.



Count von Waldersee leaving the Train.

The 3d United States Artillery, headed by the 15th Infantry Band, going to meet Count von Waldersee.



Count von Waldersee and Staff at the Railroad Station—German Volunteers saluting.

ARRIVAL OF COUNT VON WALDERSEE AT TIENTSIN, SEPTEMBER 27, 1900.

UNBRIDLED BITS FROM THE HORSE SHOW

THE CLOSE OF THE FOOTBALL SEASON
With a Forecast of the Harvard-Yale Game

FROM present indications the game between Harvard and Yale at New Haven next Saturday bids fair to be the most sensational that has ever been played by those universities. Harvard's unexpectedly pronounced victory over Pennsylvania, and the remarkable brace of Yale since the contest with Columbia, have created the belief that the blue and crimson are not only in a class by themselves, but are very evenly matched. Both sides are confident of success. Yale men say that if their team does not win it will be a disgrace, while Harvard men maintain that a defeat at the hands of the New Haven team will upset all calculations.

When Harvard beat Pennsylvania it looked as if the Cambridge team was superior in many respects to Yale. The magnificent back field, the perfect interference, the generalship of Captain Daly, and the remarkable ability of the rush line, both in attack and defence, created such a feeling of confidence among the followers of the crimson that they could not see how Yale would be able to carry the day. Since that time Yale has also developed speed, the quality that brought Harvard to the front when Pennsylvania seemed invincible.

The Yale coaches, by deciding to support their heavy rush line with a light set of backs, established what appears to be a winning combination. In point of physical condition Yale is not outclassed by Harvard in any way. Both rush lines appear to be invincible in defence, with Yale having a slight advantage at left guard and right tackle, filled respectively by Brown and Stillman, two of the best football-players in America. Harvard, on the other hand, should have a pronounced advantage on the ends in Campbell and Hallowell. With Hale out of the Yale team, there may be a lack of line-bucking power, which will necessitate constant end-running by Dupee and Fincke. But with Harvard's remarkable ends to break up Yale's interference, this method of attack may turn out to be below expectations.

Harvard, meanwhile, has demonstrated that her best offensive work lies in end-running behind interference, that has been declared to be of a higher order of excellence than that shown by Yale. Harvard also has a powerful line-hitter in Ellis, the equal of whom Yale cannot produce, now that Hale is out of it. Yale's ends have improved greatly in the past three weeks, especially Gould, but whether they can offset Harvard's attacks in their direction is a matter for conjecture. Captain Daly stands alone as the premier quarter-back of the year. Yale has nobody that can approach him in style, head-work, and all-around football. In running back punts, however, Yale has two remarkable flyers in Dupee and Fincke, though neither of them has had the experience of Daly in this respect. It is about a stand-off in punting, neither eleven being extraordinarily good in this department of the game. As the game will be played on Yale's gridiron there may be some advantage for the wearers of the blue, but it must not be forgotten that Harvard in 1898 on the same battle-ground won with the decisive score of 17 to 0.

The particular feature about the Yale eleven this year has been the unusual endurance of the rush line. With one exception the line has been the same in almost every game played to date. The coaches have been tinkering with left tackle to some degree, so that it has been a question whether Hamlin or Bloomer would ultimately get the place. But Stillman at right tackle, Brown and Sheldon the guards, Olcott centre, and Coy and Gould ends, have been fixtures practically since the team first went into training.

With the exception of Bloomer not one of these men has been compelled to lay off because of injuries, which goes to show what careful training and unusual physique have accomplished.

The noteworthy point of Harvard's make-up has been the quantity and the quality of the substitutes. At one time this season there were enough good men in practice to produce three formidable elevens. The Harvard coaches in consequence have been puzzled to some extent as to the best selections, but they have shown skilful judgment, and it is the opinion that the Cambridge eleven, as it will take the field next Saturday, is the strongest combination that can be put together from the material at hand.

Making a Hole through the Centre.

The Double Pass.

Around the End.

For a Kick.

SOME "FORMATIONS" OF 1900.

Photographs taken especially for "Harper's Weekly."

The Pennsylvania eleven, which started off with brilliant prospects because of its high scores against minor elevens, was a distinct disappointment in the Harvard game. Incidentally Pennsylvania's exclusive play, the guards-back interference, was so easily handled that it has come to be regarded as a dead letter. Pennsylvania's loyalty to this play was one of the principal reasons for her unlooked-for downfall at Cambridge, for when Harvard stopped it, the Quakers had no other method of attack with which to play up-hill football.

Princeton, handicapped from the opening of the season with a lack of experienced timber, struggled gamely on in spite of defeats at the hands of Cornell and Columbia. It is doubtful whether Princeton has been so badly off for good material since the game first became popular at that university. The graduation of such noted players as Palmer, Poe, Hillebrand, Edwards, Booth, Craig, Hutchinson, and Wheeler, proved to be a severe blow to the Tiger's cause. The coaches were, therefore, compelled to work upon material that was almost entirely green, with the result that the year for Princeton has been most unfortunate.

Probably the most erratic eleven has been that of Columbia. Coach Sanford has had to contend with many serious obstacles. The new eligibility rules were so strictly enforced that several promising men who entered the university as special students were debarred from playing.

Even Slocovitch, the former Yale player, who is probably the best end in the game, barring Campbell of Harvard, was prohibited from playing at a time when the eleven needed his services. Beaten by large scores at Harvard and Pennsylvania, the Columbia team was regarded as an inferior proposition, and so the men who had been coming out in large numbers stopped training. Still, Sanford kept hammering away until he had welded together a team that surprised Yale and finally defeated Princeton, and that victory was the crowning point of Sanford's success, for just prior to it there were rumblings of dissatisfaction with the head coach, whose ability had been underestimated.

Columbia's eleven, by-the-way, contains several men who would probably make any of the big 'varsities. The two half-backs, Weekes and Morley, for instance, have developed into crack players. Weekes has the distinction of having scored two touch-downs against Yale, both after long, sensational runs. Wright, the giant guard, is in the class with Hare of Pennsylvania and Brown of Yale. Van Hoevenberg has turned out to be a splendid end, both offensive and defensive, while Austin, at tackle, has learned so rapidly that in another year he may take a place at the top.

Columbia men hope that in due time their eleven will be so perfected that the games with the "Big Four," all of which should be played in New York, will be regarded as among the most important football fixtures of the year.

Cornell has shown up much better than was expected. Coach Haughton, with Harvard methods, has developed a team of swift, aggressive players, who not only outclassed Princeton, but may also make Pennsylvania play the hardest kind of football to win on Thanksgiving day. Cornell's clever captain, Starbuck, has shown himself to be a star offensive player, and one of the headiest generals on the gridiron. The noted Carlisle Indians are not what they used to be, though their eleven is still formidable. They miss Hudson, the great drop-kicker, Metoxèn, Seneca, and Cayou, the backs, and Bemus Pierce, the crack guard, all of whom have been succeeded by younger and inexperienced red men. Of the minor Eastern college elevens, Brown and Lafayette appear to be on a par. Lafayette incidentally has about the best punter in the college arena in Full-Back Cure. As usual, the season will be concluded at Philadelphia on December 1, when West Point and Annapolis meet.

They have worked hard to get into trim, and neither seems to have a great advantage.

The Chinese Kowtow.

From Photographs taken in Tientsin by O. K. Davis, Special Correspondent for "Harper's Weekly."

CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS OF NICARAGUA

BY W. NEPHEW KING

THOUGH nature has endowed Nicaragua with her richest treasures, it has changed but a tithe since the day that Gonzales de Avila landed upon the shores of Nicoya and raised that cross which to the simple-minded Indians became—not the symbol of mercy, but the omen of bloodshed. From this sleep of centuries, however, the little republic has been awakened by the demands of commerce, and will erelong assume that importance in the affairs of the world to which she is entitled by her geographic position and natural resources.

Many years ago, Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte said: "If the narrow tongue of land which separates its two lakes from the Pacific Ocean were cut through, Nicaragua would command, by virtue of her central position, the entire coast of North and South America." And now the prophecy of this distinguished explorer is about to be fulfilled, for the assurance of governmental aid augurs an early completion of the great waterway, and with it will come an era of peace and prosperity to the land of Nicarao. Public interest is, therefore, centred in those pathless swamps, those dense jungles, and, above all, in those strange races that people the ancient cities.

On the sandy shores of the lake you can still see the lithe-limbed *Indiacita* carrying the water-jar upon her head—her father tilling the soil with the same rude implements of agriculture, and her mother spinning *cabollo*, as in the days of the Conquerors. An eventful year in this land, so long a sealed book to the rest of the world, afforded me exceptional opportunities to study every type of humanity, from the high-born *señora* who traces her lineage from the grandees of old Spain, to the thrifty *peon*, through whose veins courses the blood of the ancient Caziques. I studied carefully their customs, their habits, and their superstitions, believing that the day would come when these would be of more than passing interest to the world at large.

An Evening Visit.

The transportation of people and merchandise is, at present, one of the most difficult problems that confront the inhabitants of Nicaragua. The two seaports through which enter all the imports from foreign countries are Greytown, or San Juan del Norte, on the Atlantic, and Corinto on the Pacific. The former has no harbor at all, and large vessels are forced to anchor far out at sea, transferring their passengers and cargoes by lighters. The action of the ocean current upon the silt deposited by the San Carlos River during the rainy season has formed a cordón or mole across the entrance of the harbor, the channel of which shifts every day and thus renders charts useless to the navigator. Each time the surf-boats run the gauntlet of the breakers, over which only five feet at the deepest can be carried, the crews expect to find the narrow entrance broken out in some new spot. Natives are, therefore, stationed forward to feel the way with poles until the dangers of this blind navigation are passed.

The rapidity of the combined action of sea and river was clearly demonstrated during a severe tornado, which struck the Central American coast in 1858. The United States frigate *Savannah* was then lying at anchor in the inner harbor, and had it not been for the timely assistance of a visiting steamer, would have been bottled up, as the entrance was closed in a single night. I well remember the landing at Greytown of the last expedition under Lieutenant Peary of arctic fame. When our lines were cast adrift from the steamer, the surf fairly smoked as it curled along the entire length of the bar. The prevailing breeze of the north-east trades had not yet tempered the morning heat, and the surface of the ocean was as smooth as a polished mirror. A gentle ground-swell was setting in from the north, which, though light, had sufficient strength to throw the spray as high as the top of our smoke-stack.

As we approached the shore, orders were given to seize every available rope, and all movable objects were lashed to the deck. With the Captain at the helm, two men on the bows to conn ship, and six natives sounding on all sides, the lighter was headed for the spot where the channel was supposed to be. On we dashed—now elevated to the crest of one wave, then down into the fathomless abyss of another, the water seething and hissing overhead like a boiling caldron; while the sea was literally black with the dorsal fins of half-starved sharks, more than twice the length of the tallest man, and immense crocodiles, far more hideous than those we saw as children in story-books. A slight miscalculation either way, the burying of the bow in soft sand, and the uplifting of the stern by the next wave breaking with the force of a thousand steam-hammers, and officers, laborers, sharks, and crocodiles would have formed one confused struggling mass.

The descendants of Avila seem to have inherited that susceptibility to excitement in the moment of danger that is accredited to all the Latin races, for while we were running through the surf every native on board immediately assumed command, and such a babel of voices I have never heard. Despite this confusion, we found ourselves in one of the many lagoons that form the delta of the San Juan, having been grounded lightly by one wave and floated by the next.

A mile farther in we were met by an old Mississippi River steamer of the stern-wheel type, which looked as though she had been a target for the entire Federal battery during the civil war. Passengers and freight were soon transferred, and once more we were under way. After running our bow into the mud at every bend in order that the current might swing around the vessel's stern, we reached the little settlement, whose crescent-shaped harbor, then lulled to sleep by the heat of the tropic sun, will soon be teeming with the rich merchant fleets of the world.

The harbor of Corinto being deep and spacious, the largest vessels find no difficulty in entering. The Pacific mail-steamers call here about three times a month, on the up and down passages, and all the merchandise for the interior is brought in through this port. On the San Juan River a number of old-fashioned stern-wheel steamers carry passengers and freight between Greytown and San Carlos, and on the lake there is a modern twin-screw propeller, built in the United States. Granada and Managua, and Momotombo and Corinto, are connected by railroads that were built with foreign capital. All other travelling is done either on the back of *burros* or in stages, which are known as *diligences*. A single journey in one of the latter, however, will furnish enough excitement

A Religious Procession.

and discomfort to last one a lifetime. After a long stay in Granada, I once had the temerity to make such a trip to Rivas, and though it afforded an excellent opportunity to study the people and the country, I never felt a desire to repeat the experience.

Among the many odd customs of Nicaragua, those relating to the dead are the weirdest to the stranger. Some of these have been handed down by tradition from the Indians, others were brought over by the Conquerors—and the two are so blended that it is difficult to tell which predominates. As soon as the *medico* pronounces one's illness fatal, word is sent to the village *padre*, who prepares to administer the last sacraments of the church to the dying person. Placing the consecrated wafer in the *custodia*—a vessel of solid gold or silver, often resplendent with rare jewels—a procession is formed and marches through the street. A small boy, ringing a bell, rushes ahead to announce the approach of the sacred presence, and after him follows a band of music, often a single violin, playing a dirge. If it be possible to secure any soldiers, they surround the *padre*, who, dressed in brilliant vestments, is generally carried in a chair, over which four men hold a purple canopy. As the little cortege moves down the silent streets, every one bares his head and kneels, making the sign of the cross until the last soldier has passed. Woe to the sacrilegious stranger

who fails to show this mark of respect, and many have been the instances where foreigners were pulled from their horses and even stoned for neglecting to follow this time-honored custom.

When one dies in Nicaragua not only do the women relatives wear mourning, but the men also mark their grief by a band of crape on the arm and around the hat. The houses are also draped in crape, and black trimmings hang in festoons from the walls and across the face of every picture in the room. These funeral decorations remain for a length of time corresponding to the relationship of the deceased. The body is generally placed in the large *sala*, or drawing-room, and it is expected that every male friend will come to the house and remain there until the funeral. The women are quartered in a room by themselves, and though they are never seen, their cries and lamentations may be heard for miles. When the hour for the funeral arrives, the priest performs the service at the house, sometimes supplementing this ceremony by another at the church if the dead man be a person of any public importance. Owing to the scarcity of carriages, the mourners always follow on foot. The procession is led by a priest and acolytes bearing wax tapers and incense, and then comes the music—sometimes a brass band, more often a single violin-player. Then follows the uncoffined corpse, borne upon the shoulders of four Indians, and far in the rear the male relatives and friends. The women remain at home until the news of the body's interment is brought to them by one of the members of the family. Then, after a heart-felt "Jesus te ampara" (Jesus protect thee), and a kiss of sympathy, the women disperse and leave the family to themselves.

In striking contrast to this is not only the lack of any outward sign of grief, but the unmistakable evidence of joy when a child dies. The house is decorated with white instead of black ribbons. The bier is also white, and the infant is robed in the same color—in fact, the ceremonies resemble a marriage rather than a funeral. Throughout the long night of the *velorio*, the house is brilliantly illuminated, bands play the liveliest of airs, and there is a display of fireworks. If there is any agony in the heart of the mother she artfully conceals it, for her friends are there to offer congratulations, not to condole with her. The reason of this is that a child, before it has arrived at the age of discretion, can commit no sin, and, therefore, the moment that the spirit is released it enters heaven without even passing through the cleansing fires of purgatory. This is considered more a cause for happiness than for grief, for had the infant lived to know sin, its future would be in doubt.

Should a Protestant be unfortunate enough to die in Nicaragua, it will be difficult to find for him a burial-place, for the cemeteries are all blessed, and none but a Catholic can be interred in consecrated ground. This fact was emphasized in rather a sad manner during one of my visits to Granada. A young American girl, who had been teaching music in the "Colegio de Señoritas," died very suddenly, and though she had instructed many of the younger members of the best families, and was loved by every one in the city, it was impossible to secure a burial-place for her in one of the cemeteries. In vain did the few Americans present appeal, first to the municipal authorities, then to the bishop. It was a sad case, they said, for the young American was pure and gentle—a stranger in a strange land. Still, she was a Protestant, and the edict went forth that she must be buried without the cemetery walls.

We followed her to the grave one bright sunshiny afternoon as the tall palms nodded gracefully in the balmy breeze. The body robed in white, as spotless as her own pure soul, was carried upon the shoulders of four men. Behind them followed her little pupils, and in the rear, the *Junta* of the college and the few Americans living in Granada. Almost at the very gates of the cemetery we halted, as the melancholy wail of Indian violins announced the approach of another funeral—that of an old negro. His life had not been above reproach, but he was a Catholic, and for that reason the gates that had been closed against this pure young girl were opened wide for the hardened sinner. Could there be a greater travesty upon religion? As the setting sun gilded the old volcano of Mombacho we laid her in the ground outside of the walls of the sacred enclosure. The crimson clouds grew darker, and as the pale stars twinkled in the blue sky above, I wondered which of those two souls was nearer their Creator that night—the one in the flower of her youth and innocence, or the other, whose matured passions had, doubtless, blackened his soul, even though he might have died "within the sound of the bell."

A Nicaraguan Funeral Procession.

Among the lower classes, and even some of the higher, the priests still exert a powerful influence. An old superstition, but one that is gradually dying out as the country advances, is the practice of public *penitencias* (penances). In former years these were so severe, the victims either contracting some disease from exposure or being so crippled from corporal punishment, that the authorities were forced to intervene. Squier in his great work on Nicaragua describes one of these as follows:

"The public penitencias, or penances, afford striking illustrations of the strength of the popular superstitions, and of the priestly influence. I witnessed one of these, shortly after my arrival in Leon. It consisted of a long procession of men and boys, one or two hundred in number, barefooted and stripped to the waist, their heads and faces covered with veils so as to prevent recognition, who marched through the public streets, from one church to another, flagellating themselves with rawhide thongs. They were preceded by a life-size figure of Christ on the cross, a score of musicians, and a crowd of priests and women (all of the latter barefooted, and some bearing heavy crosses on their shoulders), who chanted prayers, while the penitents beat time with the thongs over their own shoulders. Each one carried a little cross before him in his hand, with his head bent forward as if in earnest contemplation of the sacred symbol. It was a singular spectacle, for there were black bodies and brown, and white bodies and yellow, and the sharp strokes of the thongs in the pauses of the slow and mournful music fairly made the flesh of the spectator creep. There was, however, no special occasion for sympathy, for each penitent had it in his power to graduate the force of his own blows to his own notions of the enormity of his moral offences. Some laid it on gently—moderate sinners—merely as a matter of form, but there were others who punished themselves lustily, and drew blood from their quivering flesh at every blow, which ran down to their very heels, and purpled the ground where they trod."

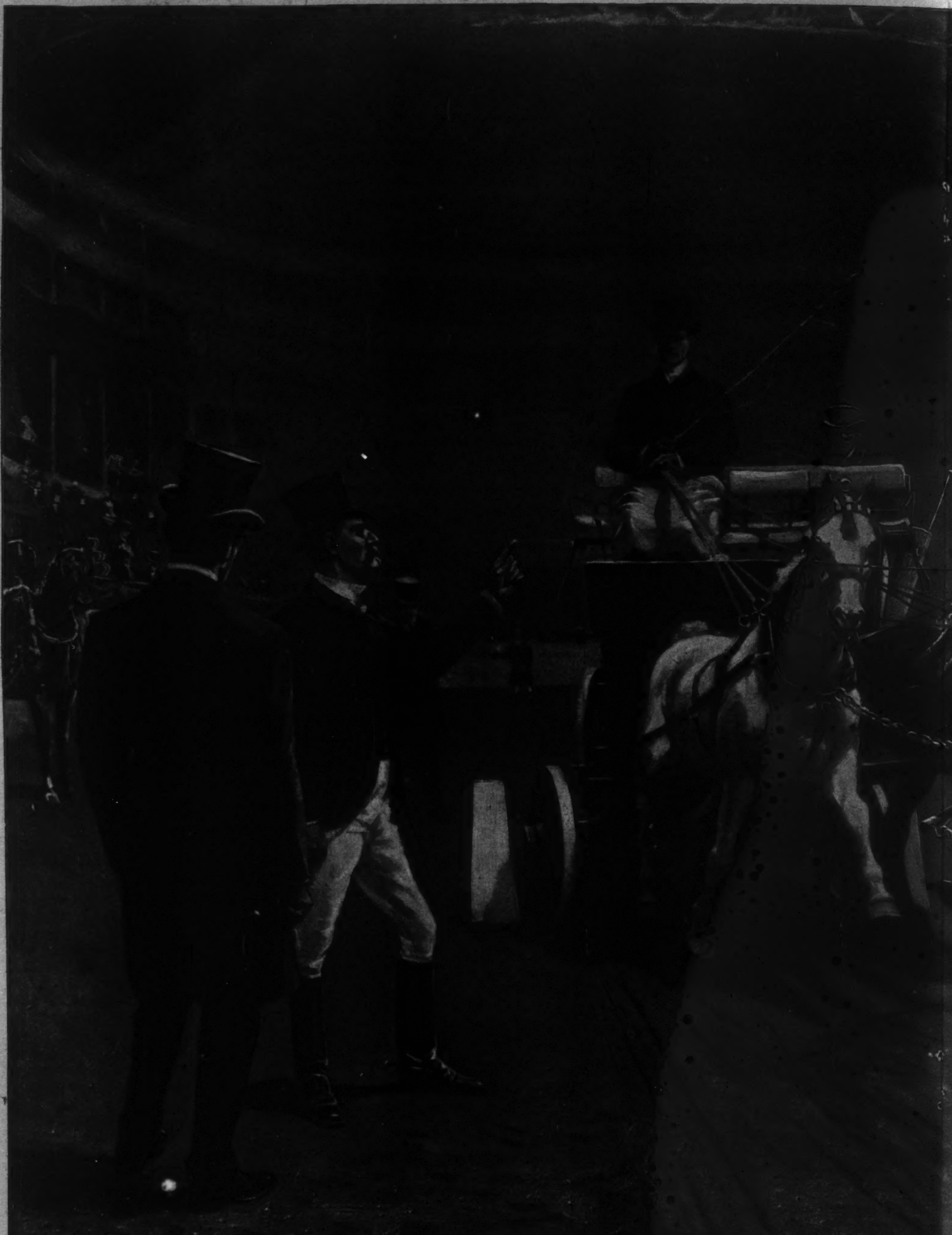
A Public Penance.

Though these *penitencias* are given at all times of the year, many of them are not carried out until *Semana Santa* (Holy Week). Then, for instance, a man is told that, in a certain procession, he must carry upon his shoulder the figure representing the Saviour, or one of the saints. He must humiliate himself by dressing in some ridiculous costume and wear it through the street. He must prepare some kind of food or drink, and dispense it to the faithful at the church door. In addition to these public manifestations for the atonement of one's sins, there are others of a private nature—many of them resulting in some benefit to him who prescribes the penance. A *padre*, finding that his church needs the services of some carpenter or mason, often selects a workman of ability, and decrees that he shall perform a *penance* consisting of a certain number of days' work. Either the evil-doer merits punishment enough to complete the repairs to the church, or there are a sufficient number of sinners to have one take up the task where the other has left off. A man who is notoriously lazy will often be ordered to rise at an early hour—another to take a long journey on foot to some shrine. A young señorita who is too fond of dancing will be forbidden to indulge in this pastime for a certain period—in fact, there is always a method in the good *padre's* madness, his one idea being to keep the soul pure by denying the flesh.

Religion seems to enter into every sport and pleasure, for the culmination of all festivities is during Holy Week. The poor Indian toils throughout the entire year that he may then have money enough to purchase *aguardiente* and *bombas*. The women save all their earnings that they may appear upon the streets in new and expensive gowns which rival in colors the solar spectrum. No engagement is made, or contract entered into, without the qualification "si Dios quiere" (if God wills), and every beggar that you aid thanks you and replies, "Dios se lo pague" (May God repay you). In many houses, both among the richer and poorer classes, are religious inscriptions either written upon the bare walls or framed and hung there. Some of these are to remind one of the uncertainty of life, others to recall to the members of the household an indulgence that the Pope has granted whenever certain prayers are recited. As a servant enters the room, he exclaims in a loud voice, "Bendito y alabado sea el Santo Sacramento de Altar" (Blessed and praised be the Holy Sacrament of the Altar), which is always repeated by those present. This expression is still common among the lower classes, though the reply is not always now made by the family.

Society in Nicaragua is more Spanish than Indian. The former customs must have been adopted in the mother-country during the time that the Moors infested the peninsula, and it was not safe for any young girl to appear upon the streets alone. If a señorita desires to go visiting or shopping, she must be accompanied either by a male relative or a watchful duenna, and at all social functions the women are ranged on one side of the room and the men on the other. During the progress of the dance, these rules are, for the time being, relaxed, and the sexes permitted to be together; but the moment the music ceases, the women return to their side of the room and the men to theirs—no promenaders in the moonlight, no *tête-à-têtes* in dark corners.

After nightfall the visiting is done in the streets, as the windows of the houses occupied by the better classes are low and project several feet. In many cases they are surrounded by iron balconies, upon which the young señorita sits in the balmy night air to receive the visit of her admirers. She may be alone—looking up as the fleecy clouds sail by—but be assured *mamá* is not far away, for her watchful eye is ever on the alert. A formal call may last long enough to wish a musical *buenas noches*, but, if you chance to be a *persona grata* to the family, the señora of the household may suddenly push her head through the iron bars and say "pasa adelante" (won't you come in?). Should you chance to be the señorita's "best young man," in the centre of the grand *sala* you will find two rocking-chairs. In these you and your sweetheart are expected to sit, and though you may whisper soft nothings into her listening ear, the eyes of mamma will watch you as a cat does a mouse.



FOUR-IN-HAND-DRIVING COMPETITION

ON AT THE NATIONAL HORSE SHOW

THE CARDINAL'S ROSE

BY van TASSEL SUTPHEN

CHAPTER XXI

THROUGH THE DRAGON GATE

DIMITRI, the aged major-domo, came to meet us as we rode into the court-yard of the château. By some miracle he had escaped the notice of the Soulian butchers; he alone remained of the garrison and of the household.

The Soulian attack had been made during the early evening, and the surprise had been a complete one. Within ten minutes the defenders lay dead at their posts or had sought refuge in flight. The Soulian leader had restrained his men from unnecessary violence, but had made the General and mademoiselle prisoners, and carried them away with him, presumably to Kar. As for the fire, that had probably been started by one of the soldiers, angered at the prohibition against plundering. This, Dimitri's story.

The deluge was almost inconceivable, but it did us the friendly office of extinguishing the flames. Stephan started back to Nissa with peremptory orders for Ghika to advance at the first streak of dawn, and du Midi and I, throwing ourselves down on the bear-skin rugs in the great hall, slept like dead men.

It was seven o'clock when Narbo touched me on the shoulder. General Ghika and the Baron had arrived in person, and the army was on the move. Breakfast was soon ready, and we gathered around it to discuss and mature our plans. We must think and act quickly, for to-day is the 9th of July.

Having summed up the chances pro and con, it seems that but two courses of action are open to us. We can either stand off at long range and batter the walls of Kar into dust with our one piece of artillery, the terrible dynamite-gun, or we can carry the city by assault in the good old way.

But while the dynamite-gun is an enormously effective weapon, it is equally terrifying in its uncertainty. It may work perfectly, and in that case we may expect to see the white flag run up within fifteen minutes after the first shot. And again, a shell may get jammed in the tube and the monster become ten times more dangerous to its masters than to the enemy. Finally, it is twenty miles to the rear, and the storm has made the roads virtually impassable.

There remains the question of assault, a forlorn hope, perhaps, and yet to be considered carefully. We have plenty of scaling-ladders, and, from all that we can learn, the artillery defences of the city are of an obsolete and useless pattern. Obviously, though, it will be necessary to obtain more complete information about the nature of the defences. The weak points, if there be any, can only be noted from the inside.

Du Midi—for I never can remember to think of him as the Prince—has given me permission to make the attempt. It is now nearly noon, and there are no signs of the main body marching up from Nissa. It is plain that the final assault must be postponed until to-morrow morning, and in the mean time I shall be gathering useful information, and perhaps have the chance of opening communication with mademoiselle. With my face stained with walnut-juice, and dressed in Soulian regimentals, I run but small risk of being suspected. As to my lingual deficiencies, I will cut the knot by pretending to be a deaf-mute.

An hour later I had made my way to the borders of the little plateau, from which the road lies clear to the city gate. I had hoped for the opportunity of a diversion, under cover of which I might slip through the toils; and fortune again favored me. A troop of Soulian dismounted cavalrymen were cutting forage in a hay-field bordering on the wood in which I lay concealed. I had only to give the word to Captain Narbo, who with his Aetolian irregular cavalry was waiting half a mile to the rear.

It was hardly a skirmish even, for the Soulians had no stomach for a fight. As Narbo's gallant little force broke cover and charged, the enemy hastily retired towards the city, leaving the laden forage-mules to break away in all directions. I had made good use of my legs, sure that every eye would be otherwise occupied than in watching my insignificant self, as the crowd scurried to the protection of the walls. Jostled and buffeted about, I am swept along with the struggling tide that chokes the city's gates. And then they close behind me with a resonant clang. I am in Kar, and it behooves me to walk warily, as one who carries his head in his hands.

The capital city of Aetolia covers some two hundred acres of ground, and in its general aspect it is a citadel rather than a town. It is a bit of the Middle Ages set down among these pine-covered hills, a feudal stronghold, and yet only a half-score hours from Vienna. The cathedral and the legislative buildings stand upon the public square, but the palace is entirely isolated from all other buildings, and occupies the entire north end of the square. It is an enormous block of buildings, but rather a fortalice than a palace, the Bastile and not the Tuileries.

So far everything is mediæval, and yet within the last two or three years Kar has undergone the process of discovery at the hands of the makers of guide-books. It is now the "most picturesque town in Europe," and the fame of its warm baths increases daily. And so has come about the railway from Rhodopolis and other innovations of steam-heated civilization. They look oddly out of place, these smart-looking cafés with Parisian names, sandwiched between tottering gables and blackened façades. And yet even the railway must not presume too far. Under extraordinary pressure the company finally obtained permission to lay a single line of rails through the Dragon Gate and up to the great square of Saint Michael. But this is a privilege jealously qualified. The two trains that arrive and depart daily may run up to the square for the convenience of their passengers, but no other railway business can be carried on within the sacred walls. The freight-yards, the round-houses, even the business offices of the company, are all outside the city. The actual terminus of the railway is a full half-mile the other side of the Dragon Gate.

No one took any notice of me, and little by little I managed to make a thorough inspection of the line of fortifications, and having completed the circle, I sat down in an empty hallway to eat my luncheon of bread and cheese and to review the results of my observation.

With everything to lose and nothing to gain I must needs strain my good luck to the breaking-point. I had the fancy to make my way once again to the square, and, if possible, to obtain some idea of where the General and mademoiselle were confined. Perhaps I might be lucky enough to mark them down even closer, and at all events I would try. A foolish experiment, but remember that it was over ten days since I had seen Irma de Czareska.

The Via Roma runs from the Dragon Gate to the square of Saint Michael, and is the principal thoroughfare of the city. A barricade of paving-stones was being built under the direction of a Soulian officer of engineers, so as to completely close the street, and the work presented quite a formidable appearance. The barricade had been well planned, and I felt inclined to compliment the Soulian engineer upon his skill, even while regretting that he had had occasion to exercise it. A moment later he turned and walked over to where I was standing. It was Coventry, and I tried to slip back into the crowd. But he would not have it so.

"You seem interested in our modest little barricade, my dear Cary." He spoke in English, and then, without giving me a chance either to disclaim or acknowledge my identity, he took me by the arm and forced me gently through the crowd and up the street. I thought, in one mad moment, of resistance.

"Don't be a fool," he said, in a whisper, while his hand renewed its pressure upon my arm. "You must realize that you are absolutely in my power, and that the moment you open your mouth you are pronouncing your own death sentence. Now that I am offering you a chance, you had better accept it without insisting upon particulars."

There was hard common-sense in this, and I walked along in silence. Arrived at the square, Coventry made directly for the palace, and I followed a step or two behind, as befitted my inferior rank. I made up my mind that I was to be subjected to an examination, possibly at the hands of Jehan himself. We passed the guard at the gateway and entered the court-yard.

"This way," beckoned Coventry. I followed him through a side entrance and up a broad staircase. He stopped before a door and produced a pass-key.

"My private apartments," he explained. "If you will be good enough to enter, we can talk over comfortably the business in hand."

CHAPTER XXII

AN EXCHANGE OF CONFIDENCES

THE day was warm, and yet there was a wood fire burning on the hearth. Sitting close beside it was a woman, Mrs. Verriker. We greeted each other in silence. She was making a pretence at working upon an embroidery-frame, but there was no silk in her needle, and she looked pale and tired. She rose as though to leave the room.

"No, don't go, Mary," said Coventry. "Perhaps you can help me in bringing Mr. Cary to a reasonable state of mind. Hang it, man!" he continued, turning abruptly to me, "why should there be any beating about the bush between old friends. It won't surprise you much to know that Arthur Coventry is the same person as Arthur Coventry Verriker, late a captain in her Majesty's service, and the true and lawful husband of this lady. I'll engage, Mary, that you have the certificate at hand to show Cary, if he don't care to accept my word."

"But I thought that Captain Verriker—" There I stopped in confusion. I remembered that there had always been a mystery about Mrs. Verriker's married life. Something worse than widowhood—a scandal?

"Yes; the same Captain Verriker who went under a dozen years ago. You remember there was some nasty talk about a sitting at 'Van John' and an extra ace of diamonds, and it was quite true. There's the pasteboard now that spoiled a man's life," and Coventry extracted an old playing-card from his wallet and threw it down upon the table. He went on quickly:

"But, before God, Cary, I was innocent—at least of that kind of thing. I don't deny that I made a good thing out of play, for I was poor and the mess bills in the —th run high. I was a gentleman rook if you like, but there was never a whisper against my honor until that night when there was an ace too many in the pack. Where it came from only God knows."

Mrs. Verriker had risen and crossed over to her husband's side. She lightly brushed an infinitesimal speck of dust from his coat sleeve, and all the undying tenderness and faith of a good woman lay in that simple action. I turned away my head, and when I looked around again she was gone.

"It was she who saved me from myself," he went on, after a little pause. "You can guess well enough what happened, for the evidence against me was damning, and there was no mercy for a sinner against the code. Naturally we went to the Continent, and one must live, you know. Those were shady years, but when you have once felt the tar-brush, a touch or so more does not matter much. Finally I drifted into the Caliph's service, the genteel Botany Bay for army black sheep, and I had a good deal to do with the underground negotiations between Soulia and this hound Jehan. Of course we kept a sharp eye upon the Czareskas while they were living in England, for Jehan knew well enough that the day would come when a reckoning of the old debt would be presented at his door. It was an exciting game, and since it kept me from thinking much about myself, I played it with all my heart. Finally, in the latter part of March, we received word that General Czareska was about to go to Paris, and I knew that the hour had struck.

"As I figured it out, the immense potential value of the 'Cardinal's Rose' was the master-card in the pack. No matter who held it at the start, the game would go to the side that actually played it. And so, faithful to my employer's interests, I laid my plans.

"Well, at any rate, we had secured the great ruby, and the money should go to bolstering up Jehan's shaking throne instead of buying machine-guns for the revolutionists. The bogus 'Rose' kept du Midi from suspecting our double-dealing, and I had almost completed my bargain with the money-lenders when you happened to come along—you, a beggarly Yankee scribbler, who had only to stick your thumb into the pie and pick out the biggest plum of all.

"No, I'm not flattering you; I am simply pointing out that the luck has been all on your side from the beginning. I had mistrusted you from the moment of your appearance, although it was some time before I could be certain of how much you really knew. But I could not fight against your lucky star. I had you at my mercy when I held my buttonless foil at your throat. I knew you when, as Baron Kerker's footman, you helped me on with my paletot. And yet you beat me out. I was up against it, as you Americans say.

"Well, your great coup came off, and I was obliged to hurry back to Kar checkmated. I had neither the great ruby nor the odd millions that represented its value. All I could do was to take off my coat and jump into the fight. So the matter stands."

"Well?" and I looked at him searchingly. Coventry smiled.

"Confession is good for the soul, my dear Cary, but I don't mind admitting that I have made mine with an eye to business. But have a cigarette."

"As a matter of fact," he continued, "I am out of favor here. Jehan believes that I have played him false, and he is only keeping me on now for the sake of my professional services. There's nobody else in Kar who has the slightest knowledge of military engineering, and so for the time being I am a distinguished person. As you see, I am even accorded the honor of having a suite of rooms assigned to me in the palace.

"Now Jehan believes that I have the jewel or its equivalent in my possession, and if he once pulls out of this black hole my life would be a mighty poor risk for any insurance company. Strange things may happen beyond the Balkans without any questions being asked, and I have no friends at the Soulian court. Finally, the commissioner of the Powers will be in Kar at precisely noon to-morrow, July 10."

"How do you know that?" I asked, quickly.

"All the telegraph wires do not run by way of Nissa, my dear fellow. The line *viâ* Kavan is still working, and one end of it runs directly into the office of the Soulian Minister of Foreign Relations. The commissioner is now at Kavan with General Sarkof and a Soulian army corps. Kavan is four hours' march from Kar, and the orders to advance will be sent at precisely eight o'clock to-morrow morning."

"And the commissioner of the Powers?"

"Is instructed to observe the *status quo*, whatever it may be. If Kar is in the hands of the patriots, du Midi will be recognized as King, both *de jure* and *de facto*; if Jehan can hold his own until noon his title will be confirmed by the single voice of the

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Great Powers. You see that the situation is very simple. Can you take advantage of it?"

Well, since confidences are in order, I may as well speak frankly, and I did so.

"Without artillery we can hardly hope to carry the city by assault, and the dynamite-gun is a terribly uncertain quantity. The chances are against us."

"Precisely, Mr. Cary; you are an intelligent man, and, above all, you are a reasonable one. Let me now inform you that our artillery is not composed entirely of the out-of-date pieces that you have seen mounted upon the walls of Kar. We have at least fifty Maxims ready for use, and they are now being placed in position. Look here!"

He stepped to a window commanding the side street and drew the curtains. It was still light enough for

"He took Me by the Arm...."

me to see an ox-cart into which some Soulian soldiers were loading a machine-gun. A Maxim, as Coventry had said, and there were half a dozen others of the same pattern lined up against the outer wall of the machine-shop that evidently served as a rough-and-ready armory.

"But what's a gun without powder and shot?" said Coventry, with an odd inflection in his voice. "Come this way, Cary, and I'll give you another object-lesson."

He led the way down into the court-yard and over to the enormous gateway tower which afforded the only entrance to the outside world. We entered the guard-room on the left, in which half a dozen soldiers sat playing at cards and smoking, in complete indifference to discipline; indeed, not one of them took the trouble to rise and salute as Coventry passed.

At the far end of the room was a door, which he unlocked with a pass-key. Descending the stairway, we came upon the entrance to a vault. A lighted lantern hung suspended to the iron gateway, and before it, seated on a packing-box, was a Soulian soldier. He was fast asleep, and Coventry roused him with a kick that was anything but gentle.

"The key!" demanded Coventry, impatiently.

The soldier drew an enormous key from the breast of his dirty blouse, and proceeded to unlock the grating. We entered a narrow passage, and I stumbled along behind Coventry as best I might. He carried the lantern, but its light was feeble, and the footing was none of the best. Twenty paces or so and the passage debouched into a large chamber, apparently hewn out of the living rock. Coventry set the lantern on a shelf, and bade me look about me.

The place seemed to be a store-room of some kind, and I especially noticed a pyramid of small kegs of a peculiar pattern. Then I recognized them as powder-barrels, and Coventry nodded an assent. He stepped up to one of the kegs and removed a portion of the heading. The powder was of the old-fashioned variety, black and fine-grained. But it was certainly gunpowder, and Coventry stood smoking a cigarette within two feet of the opened keg. He smiled, and deliberately flung the little roll of smouldering fire into the centre of the dull black mass.

Such is the power of the imagination that for the moment I actually saw the solid walls toppling upon my head. And yet nothing whatever had happened. The lighted cigarette was dying out as it lay harmless and ineffectual upon the naked powder. "You see," said my companion, "that our Soulian army contractors understand their business. They have supplied us here with a really excellent quality of black sand, and the only keg of genuine powder was the particular one prepared for the convenience of the inspecting officer. I have tested all the others myself."

Heaped in another corner were a number of boxes filled with old-fashioned paper rifle-shells. Coventry broke one open and held the flame of a vesta in contact with the explosive charge. The stuff spluttered feebly, something after the fashion of the "sizzer" that an American boy is accustomed to manufacture out of a discarded fire-cracker. "They contain barely enough explosive to expel themselves from the guns," continued Coventry, "and the same is true of the cartridges supplied for the Maxim belts. The corruption extends everywhere—brown-paper shoes, shoddy clothing, lead bayonets; but it is useless to enumerate details. The Soulian forces in Kar would be at the mercy of a single company of French or even Spanish regulars. That is, if I choose to have it so," he concluded, meaningly.

"Then there is another supply of serviceable ammunition," I hazarded.

"Precisely, and as head of the ordnance department it lies with me which of the two is served out upon this occasion."

"Yes?" and I looked at him steadily.

"I am coming to that," he returned. "Briefly, then, there is another entrance besides the Dragon Gate to the sacred city of Kar, and I have been keeping the secret of its existence for just such an opportunity to turn it to advantage. If I choose to let you into the secret of my little wicket gate, a couple of hundred men can be quietly introduced at any time within the walls, and I need not enlarge upon the strategic importance of a position in the enemy's rear. Kar will be in your hands within an hour of the firing of the first shot to-morrow morning, and with the Soulian cartridge-belts filled with this dummy ammunition, your loss need not exceed a score of men."

"And your price?"

"The Cardinal's Rose."

"The Cardinal's Rose! How can we give something that we no longer possess? Is it even certain that the ruby is still in existence?"

"I will take the risk," he returned, lightly. "I dare say that our friend du Midi knows where to lay his hands upon it should occasion serve. You are simply to lay my proposition before him, and he ought not find it difficult to decide.

"You understand the condition," he went on. "The 'Rose' must be delivered to me in person before I will move a step in the matter. I will send you out by the secret way, and wait for your return shortly before dawn. Upon the completion of the transaction, the ambuscading party shall have free entry, and the general attack may be begun at any time."

"And you?"

"I will look after myself. Perhaps a stray bullet from one of my own men, for the beggars hate me well enough for even that. But what would you? The stake is a big one, and afterwards—"

He stopped abruptly and put his hand to his throat as though the words were strangling there. And then with his eyes still fixed upon the floor:

"It's a blackleg business, even against a scoundrel like Jehan, but I must strike or be struck."

He looked at his watch. "Nine o'clock, and time that you were off, if you are going to pull in the same boat with me. Is it yes or no, then?"

"Yes; but I too have a condition. You know where the prisoners are confined? Of course I mean General and Mademoiselle Czareska."

"Well?"

"And you have access to them? Very good; they must accompany me when I leave Kar to-night."

Coventry shook his head; but he saw that I was resolved, and he yielded.

"It more than doubles the risk," he said, slowly, "but you may be right about the necessity of obtaining the General's consent to the legal transfer of the ruby, and du Midi may not be willing to act without it. And, if you will do me the favor, I will ask to have Mary—Mrs. Verriker—join your party. I should feel easier if she were outside these black walls."

Of course I assented, and, our conference being concluded for the time being, we started to return to Coventry's apartments. Just outside the door of the guard-room stood an iron basket full of flaring pine knots. As we passed within the circle of its radiance we came face to face with a man coming from the palace side of the court-yard. The recognition, on my part at least, was immediate and unqualified—the man was Maître Etienne Vauclot.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE TAPESTRIED CHAMBER

COVENTRY listened gravely while I rehearsed as briefly as I might the secret history of the "yellow house." That it was a genuine revelation to him I could not doubt for an instant, and the explanation that he gave in turn was entirely credible. Vauclot had acted for a long time as a secret agent for Soulia, and when Coventry came to Paris to take charge of the underground bureau he had found him useful in many ways. Later on Vauclot had appeared at Kar, and had been given a small appointment in Jehan's personal service. "Some sort of spying business, I dare say," added Coventry, indifferently. "I never did like the man, and I haven't exchanged two words with him since he came here."

"Not even to ask why he left Paris?"

"Not even that."

"Do you suppose that he recognized you?" asked Coventry, after a short silence. "Now that you have shaved off your beard, and in those clothes—"

"He has such good cause to remember me," I answered, "that I am not indulging in any illusions. I am sure that he knew me."

"And consequently?"

"We may regard ourselves as under suspicion."

"Well, it may be so, but I think that you exaggerate the peril. In the first place, he knows nothing—"

"But he can put two and two—that is, you and me—together," I interrupted.

"And in the second place, he can do nothing," he continued, calmly. "Take it easy, my dear fellow; we shall be busy enough with the things that will really happen before the night is over. And now, if you will follow me."

As I had surmised, this feudal stronghold was prison as well as palace, and the apartments reserved for prisoners of state were situated at one end of this same wing in which Coventry had his suite. We passed down the long corridor and entered an ante-room belonging to the official apartments of the chief jailer. A few words from Coventry and a turnkey was ordered to conduct me to the rooms set aside for the use of the Czareskas.

"Only ten minutes, mind," whispered Coventry in my ear. "I will prepare Mrs. Verriker for the new move, and you must have the General and mademoiselle in readiness the instant that I return."

Mademoiselle looked up, her face white and startled, as the bolts shot back and I entered the apartment. Then she sprang to her feet, and we stood waiting for the fellow to make his clumsy exit. How small her hand was and how cold! It fluttered in mine as though it had been some frightened bird and I an oafish boy, uncertain whether to be feared or shamed of that which he had captured. And then, gathering all my courage, I looked up and met the confessing triumph of her eyes. For remember that a woman takes no shame in loving when once she has passed beyond the necessity of concealing it from herself.

"It is true, then?" I said, catching at my breath, for a man's heart may stand still at the first sight of Love even as before the face of Fear. But she would not answer me upon the moment, for, after all, it is the woman's place to listen and the man's to speak. Yet she will have it that he chooses only the right words—a wonderful thing, when one considers that there are but two or three of these at the most out of the millions that the scholars have packed between the covers of the dictionary. I found them, indeed, but the *verba ipsissima*, they are not to be written down here; they belong to her who heard rather than to him who spoke them; and every man must choose his own when he seeks a woman's love.

Coventry was knocking impatiently upon the door as the General finally appeared. I explained the plan which Coventry and I had in mind, and although the old soldier knit his brows at the mention of the former's name, he announced his willingness to do whatever I thought best. Mademoiselle was already in hat and cloak, and without further delay we joined Coventry in the corridor outside. Only the stiffest of salutations were exchanged.

"I have prepared an order directing the jailer to transfer the prisoners to my custody," whispered Coventry, "and we have only to carry off the matter with a bold face to succeed. It is understood that I

In the Tapestried Chamber.

am taking the prisoners to the King for examination, and you, being in Soulian uniform, are supposed to be a guard detailed to assist me. Here is a rifle," and with that he pressed a gun-barrel into my hand. "Steady now, and remember that these Soulians are born fools and achieve stupidity."

At the entrance to the big court-yard Mrs. Verriker met us. The enclosure was full of men and soldiers, and here, if anywhere, we might have difficulty. But the sentry at the gate accepted our uniforms as an all-sufficient passport, and no one else vouchsafed us more than a passing glance. The night was dark and starless, and once we had plunged into the nearest side street we felt comparatively safe.

So nearly as I could judge, we were heading towards the northeast quarter of the city, but, in the labyrinth of crooked streets that is old Kar, it was difficult to keep one's bearings. Still, Coventry never hesitated for an instant, and we followed without asking any questions.

Finally, the enormous bulk of the city wall loomed up ahead of us, and we turned into a street that ran roughly parallel to the fortifications. For the last quarter of a mile we had not met nor seen a single person. The houses looked shut up or deserted; to all appearances we might have been passing through a city of the dead.

For some six or seven hundred yards we proceeded in single file, keeping close in the shadow of the tall buildings, and then our leader made a sharp turn to the left, straight down a cul-de-sac that ended plump against the city wall. The last house on the left abutted on the wall itself, and here Coventry stopped. Taking a key from his pocket, he unlocked the street-door and motioned us to enter.

As I afterwards came to know, the house had been built against rising ground, and the street level at the rear coincided with that of the first story proper. Consequently the room in which we now stood was virtually underground, and the walls were apparently windowless, and, indeed, solid, except for the connecting doors into the passage and front rooms. It was wainscoted in a dark wood, and the walls themselves were hung with tapestries representing Scriptural subjects, so far as I could make them out. One scene was evidently the flight of Absalom—a figure caught by the hair in the wide-spreading branches of an oak-tree—not an encouraging omen for our present enterprise, if one felt inclined to be superstitious. But mademoiselle only smiled as our eyes met, and the momentary shadow lifted.

The secret door in the panelling had been constructed with extraordinary cleverness. Even after Coventry had opened and closed it two or three times, I still found it difficult to see where the lines were broken into the wood-work, and it cost me half a dozen trials before I could put my finger upon the spring.

"And now," said Coventry, "let us be sure that we understand each other. As you have probably guessed, there is a passageway behind the panel that runs clear through the city wall and opens upon the ravine at the northeast corner of the fortifications. From there, as you will see, there is a practical path leading to the great plateau. By four o'clock it will be gray-cat light, and you and your men—"

My finger was upon his lip. To my sharpened fancy it seemed as though the suspended figure in the tapestry had suddenly advanced towards us, menacing and terrible. And then, with clearer perception, I realized that it was only the tapestry bellying out from the wall as though stirred by some wandering current of air. A simple explanation, and yet what had caused the draught? We had closed the street-door behind us, and the front windows had remained as we had found them, tightly shuttered and bolted. The door in the passage was open, and I walked over and stood for a moment upon its threshold. In the semi-darkness I could barely make out the outlines of the stairway leading to the story above us. It seemed to me that I felt the chill of passing air sweeping down from above, but the vesta that I lit burned with a flickerless flame. If a window, a door, on the ground level at the rear of the house had been opened, it had as certainly been closed again. I glanced back into the room. The tapestry hung flat and motionless against the wall.

"What is it?" demanded Coventry, impatiently. But I could only shake my head. Since he had noticed nothing I might as well keep my misgivings to myself—and, to tell the truth, I was a little ashamed of my precipitancy in materializing a bogey.

"A rat, perhaps," I answered; "or it may be that my nerves are a bit too fine drawn. It doesn't matter, only let us be getting along; I understand perfectly."

"Just as you say," he returned. "Now, then, mademoiselle, if you please."

We passed one by one through the door in the wainscoting, and so into the secret passage that lay beyond it. This latter was about thirty feet in length, corresponding, of course, to the thickness of the city wall. The stone curtain at the farther end looked solid to the eye, but Coventry showed me that the great slab in the centre was really fixed upon pivots, and could be turned edgewise by means of levers worked from within. There was just room on either side of the huge leaf of stone for a man to squeeze through, and we had some difficulty with the General, who had been taking on weight during the last few days. But with Coventry to haul and I to push we got him through at last, and the way to deliverance was clear before us. In front the ground fell rapidly away into the deep gorge, upon whose edge the city stood, but stretching away on the left was a narrow ridge that reached upward to the level of the plain. It was hardly more than a goat-walk, but we were not particular so long as it led to our friends and to liberty. Coventry took me aside for the last word.

"At four o'clock, then, and the signal will be three raps upon the swinging stone. Remember that the price must be in my hands before I close the bargain; not a man shall enter until the 'Cardinal's Rose' is formally handed over to me. I'm a businesslike villain, Cary, and can't afford to take any risks. Finally, not more than a hundred men; they should be enough to do the trick, and with a large party the risk of discovery increases inversely. And now is there anything else?"

"Nothing; I understand perfectly the part that I have to play."

"Then, my dear fellow, you do your part, and I shall be waiting for you when 'Big Michael' booms out at four o'clock."

Coventry bowed formally to the General and to mademoiselle, and exchanged a whispered word or two with his wife. Then he stepped back into the passage-way and waved his hand in final salute. The great block of stone swung slowly into place, and we were left alone upon the little space of level ground that finally narrowed off into the dangerous passage of the "Razor Edge." Five minutes of rough scrambling and we were safely over and out upon the plain. The night was still intensely dark, but a mile away a scattered light or two twinkled against the hill-side. We were within sight of the Aetolian camp.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THIS BUSY WORLD

BY E. S. MARTIN

COMMODORE ELBRIDGE T. GERRY has announced his determination to retire from the presidency of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, an organization of which he has been so long the leader and controlling force that it is better known as the Gerry Society than by its lawful name. For twenty-one years Mr. Gerry has ruled it. He says he is no longer young, has many other duties, and feels that it is time for him to pass along this particular burden to a younger man. Mr. Vernon M. Davis is the man chosen to be Mr. Gerry's successor, and he has agreed to undertake the work.

Mr. Gerry, as we all know, has always been a rich man, and has had houses and yachts and hired-men, and such attributes of affluence in liberal measure, and has apparently got as much fun out of them as other folks who have them do. It has seemed these many years an admirable and exemplary trait in him that with as much excuse as any lazy man would need for shirking all public duties, he chose for himself a hard task of benevolence and made it, really, the chief concern of his life. In peace and in war, in good report and evil, he has stuck to it, nor has his work in defence of childhood ever been scared out or tired out or worried out of his devotion. The work is a great work. The aims of the Gerry Society appeal to every one who has feelings; its duties are of superlative importance, and its great powers of interference with the concerns of individuals are commensurate with them. Mr. Gerry has been criticised for apparently using these powers in some instances arbitrarily, but the great value of his work, as a whole, and the energy and constancy with which he has carried it on, are universally recognized and honored.

It is very much to be desired that rich men would oftener devote themselves to the public service as Mr. Gerry has done. Such work is extremely good for them, and makes life taste far better than it does when it is given up to money-making and play. A great many American millionaires know that, nowadays, and act on their knowledge, but there is room for more.

CONTRACTOR REID, who owns most of Newfoundland already, and aspired to add the government of the colony to his other properties, was routed in the recent election, and will have to recast his plans. Reid ran his solicitor, Mr. Morine, for Premier, against Mr. Bond, and one of his representatives ran for the legislature in each of the thirty-six districts of Newfoundland. Reid made the full dinner-pail as much of an issue as he could, and his slogan was "Vote for work and wages." He carried less than a third of the legislative districts, and his candidate, Morine, was overwhelmed. Mr. Bond will be Premier, with a legislature that will support him, and Mr. Reid will not be able to carry out his plan to turn over all his holdings to a stock company with a capital of $25,000,000.

The situation in Newfoundland has been exceedingly interesting, and the details of it have already been told in the WEEKLY. Reid found the island in a very bad hole, the government practically bankrupt, and many of the people starving. He brought money, energy, and great administrative ability to the development of Newfoundland's resources. Undoubtedly he got some great bargains in lands, railroads, and franchises, but it is his money and labor and genius that have made the properties valuable. One is bound to sympathize in some measure with his desire to dominate the country that he has helped so much and risked so much for. But he ought to have been beaten in the election. No one who reads a full report of the situation can doubt that, unless he believes that a commercial despotism is the form of government that would do Newfoundland most good. The island undoubtedly needs Reid, and his interests there are far too great for him to abandon or neglect. Somehow he and the islanders must work together.

A GOOD many plans have been made since election for Mr. Bryan, and one person with a liking for sensational announcements has averred that he is almost certain to get a commission from the Presbyterian Church and turn preacher. That is not likely. A public man cannot turn preacher off-hand, even though he has been beaten in an election. Preachers, as a rule, are born to their business. A born preacher may be slow in coming to his own, and may try to escape his fate. Bishop Potter tried business for a time. Lyman Abbott began as a lawyer. But it is vastly easier for the pulpit to gather in the man who belongs to it than for the man whose calling is doubtful to help himself to the pulpit. Preaching will hardly do for Mr. Bryan. He might make a remarkable actor, but that won't do either, for actors, too, must inherit their trade or begin it young. Of course Mr. Bryan might practise law, but he would have to learn it first, and it is doubtful if he would care to undertake that. The most natural thing for him to do is to turn lecturer. His reputation as an orator has been so widely advertised that thousands of persons are curious to hear him speak, and would willingly pay money for that privilege. As a lecturer he ought to be able to make enough money in six months to maintain him in comfort on a farm, where he could combine agriculture with philosophical reflections, as old-time statesmen were wont to do in off years.

MARCUS DALY, the copper king, is dead. He was born about fifty-eight years ago in Ireland, and died of Bright's disease in a New York hotel on November 12. Fifty-eight years seems hardly long enough for a man who took so strenuous an interest in life to spend in this world, but at least it may be said for Daly that he compressed a vast deal of hard work, hard play, and success of a certain sort into his career. He came to New York a young boy without money or acquaintances, got a job as errand-boy in a store, saved most of his small wages, and in a year or two (about 1855) had enough laid by to carry him to San Francisco. He soon got to the gold-diggings and became a miner. He worked hard with his head and his hands, and doubtless had great physical endurance to sustain him. At any rate he became an expert about mines and mining and got to be foreman of Mackay, Flood, & O'Brien's Comstock mine in Nevada. Then he was employed by the Walker Brothers as a mining expert, and when on his recommendation they bought the Alice mine in Montana, he became its manager. He saved money and bought mining stocks. Among other properties with which he became concerned was the Anaconda mine, near Butte, Montana. It is said that he paid $30,000 for it, buying it as a silver-mine, but it turned out to have in it a streak of copper of immense value, so that it was estimated not long ago to be worth $35,000,000. Hard work, knowledge of his business, thrift, and great natural capacity for organization and management combined with some marvellous turns of luck to make Daly so excessively rich that he could afford in later life to indulge himself in a great farm, a racing-stable, a private car, and to spend as much time as he chose in New York. He was very fond of racing and an exceedingly good judge of horses, but his chief and most laborious and costly recreation for a good many years has been to fight the political aspirations of William A. Clark. Clark was formerly his partner in the Anaconda mine, but they fell out and Daly bought his interest. Clark, as will be remembered, subsequently set up as a copper king on his own account, and with distinguished success. Daly's immense fortune is partly, of course, the result of luck, but much more a result of bringing a qualified man into touch with immense opportunities. While opportunities abound, men qualified to grasp them are scarce and always will be. Daly can't be said to have earned his fortune, but he certainly earned his qualifications, except, indeed, the very important ones that he was born with. According to his lights he seems to have been a good man, who inspired regard, dealt liberally with his neighbors, managed his workmen very well, and lived, apparently, up to David Harum's rule of doing unto others what they would do to him, and doing it first.

IT is reported that Mr. Villard left behind him the manuscript of a volume of reminiscences to be published twenty-five years after his death. It is good news except the detail of delay in publication. If only more men who have been active in doing the world's work would stop working betimes and attend to their memoirs, a great many interesting stories would be saved to the world. But, as a rule, only the men who have acquired the writing habit will bother with autobiographies. Ben Franklin is an example, Mr. Villard another. General Grant was an exception. Most men are indifferent to the claims of posterity upon their pens. They pass down their accumulations, if they have any, and let it go at that.

MR. VILLARD was one of the few money-makers whose success in finance seems rather to have been an incident in his career than its logical outcome. His training, as will be seen from the notice of him elsewhere in this issue of the WEEKLY, was rather that of an observer and writer than of a railroad-builder or financier. Perhaps to that it is partly due that he had an indifferent nose for panics and seemed unable to scent them afar off. He had the imagination and the grasp of affairs that belong to a great constructor. All that he foresaw in his railroad operations seems to have come true. The only trouble was that it didn't come true soon enough. One thinks of him as having some great qualities in common with Cecil Rhodes. Perhaps the redoubtable James J. Hill belongs in the same group, but Mr. Hill, so far, has been able to make his imagination keep step with events; or possibly it is that he has been powerful enough to constrain events to keep up with his imagination.

When Mr. Villard had money in quantities to bestow he had very much of the grand manner in his use of it. His keeping up the State universities of Washington and Oregon, when they had no funds, was a most useful service. His gifts to the Museum of Natural History and the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York were important, and were the expression of a mind that had many cultivated sides. His large gifts to charity and education in Germany were handsome and fitting acknowledgments of the confidence of his German friends, as well as of his obligations to the country of his birth and early training.

The most wonderful thing about Mr. Villard seems to have been his power of inspiring his associates with blind confidence in his good faith, his capacity, and his foresight. That is something that men speak of with something like awe when they discuss his career. Undoubtedly his good faith and his capacity were fully worthy of the trust they inspired, though his foresight, as has been suggested, though sound in the main, seems to have been defective in particulars.

MR. VILLARD'S benefactions in Germany suggest the observation that it is much more common for Germans who come to this country and get very rich to show practical affection for their father-land than for Irishmen who have a like experience. Instances have been known where German brewers, who have made great fortunes here, have gone back to Germany to live. The Irish in America have sent many millions of dollars home to support their relatives, but they don't go back themselves to live in Ireland, however much they have been prospered, and very rarely does any considerable sum of Irish-American money go into Irish estates or Irish charities. We don't read that Marcus Daly cared to leave any monuments on Irish soil. Neither did any of the mining kings—nearly all Irishmen—with whom he was associated. When John Mackay goes abroad he goes to London. When the families of the rich Irish-Americans invite themselves to an experience of European life they go to London and Paris and Italy, just as all the other Americans do. They don't buy themselves country-seats in Ireland, nor care to make a great figure there. It would be different perhaps if Ireland had home-rule. It might be different, too, if Ireland had been able to do more for her children who have crossed the sea. As a rule, as in Daly's case, they have come here very poor, and with only the bare rudiments of education, and their affection for the land they left usually shows itself in hatred of England and the desire to bring their kindred to America.

IT seems safe to expect a prompt and hearty response to the call for a fund which shall provide an income for the widow of Rear-Admiral J. W. Philip and a memorial of the Admiral himself. Admiral Philip, who died last June, left very little property, and the pension which the government provides for his widow amounts to less than a dollar a day. A committee of well-known men, of which Mr. William Sloane, of New York, is chairman, proposes to raise a fund of $100,000 to be known as "The Admiral Philip Memorial Fund," of which the income shall be paid to Mrs. Philip during her lifetime, the principal at her death to be used for the maintenance of the Home for the Protection and Comfort of Sailors on Liberty. This work of looking after sailors ashore was one in which Admiral Philip was greatly interested, especially during the closing moments of his life. Through his efforts money was raised for a building now in course of erection at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, but there is no fund for its maintenance. One of the most satisfying memories of the Santiago fight is Captain Philip's "Don't cheer, boys; the poor fellows are dying." That was a comfort to all of us who hate war, and realizing that wars are still inevitable, would have them no more brutal or hateful than must be.

Subscriptions for the Admiral Philip Fund are received by J. P. Morgan & Co., New York.

MR. HENRY C. LEA'S *History of the Inquisition* (Harpers) has received the compliment of being translated into French and published in France. This, while not an unprecedented compliment, is unusual, for the work is a large one, and when books on European history by American authors are republished in translation abroad it is a reasonably convincing testimonial of their merit. Mr. Lea is fortunate in his translator — M. Solomon Reinach, a member of the Institute, well known for researches of his own, and not a man who would concern himself with an unimportant book. The French edition has a bibliographical introduction by Professor Paul Fredericq, of Ghent, who knows as much about the Inquisition as any man in Europe.

BY way of encouraging young men to qualify themselves for leadership in industrial pursuits, the Manufacturers' Association of New York has appropriated $2000 to pay the tuition and incidental expenses of one young man of Greater New York through a four years' course of industrial training. The beneficiary will probably be chosen by competitive examination, arranged by a committee of gentlemen, who will also determine the details of the course of training to be followed.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT, in his Thanksgiving proclamation, invites his fellow-citizens of New York to be prayerfully thankful for the innumerable benefits conferred on them this year, for the material well-being which they enjoy, and "for the chances of moral betterment which are always open to us." These are all sound reasons for thankfulness, especially the last, and make us regret all the more that our fellow-citizen Mr. Croker seems likely to be on the seas on the 29th of this month, and will not be able to join his acknowledgments with ours.

TRANSATLANTIC TOPICS

BY A. MAURICE LOW

IT was eminently characteristic of Lord Salisbury to show his contempt for public opinion by giving Lord Lansdowne the most important gift at his disposal. It was in keeping with his cynical indifference, his almost sardonic sense of humor, to allow his friends as well as his enemies to amuse themselves by reconstructing his cabinet; to permit a paper usually so well informed as the *Standard*, which has been such a staunch supporter of Lord Salisbury and all his works, to make the *ex cathedrâ* announcement that Lord Salisbury had no intention of relinquishing either the Premiership or the seals of the Foreign Office, while all the time he had picked out Lord Lansdowne as his successor in the Foreign Office. There could be no more unpopular or unfit appointment. There could be no appointment which so strongly exhibits Lord Salisbury's lofty contempt for his fellows. Lord Lansdowne, through a long career of office-holding, has never been a success; he has frequently been a distinguished failure. He is responsible, as Secretary of State for War, for many of the blunders which marked the conduct of the Boer war. He showed singular ineptitude and a singularly nerveless grasp of the situation. When Lord Salisbury went to the country a few weeks ago, it was accepted as a foregone conclusion in the event of his being returned to power that one of the first things to follow would be the dismissal of Lord Lansdowne, to be succeeded by a strong man, a man strong enough to break down the old army ring, to brush away the old caste prejudices and aristocratic traditions which came so near to wrecking the British army, to cut loose from red-tape and antiquated methods, and substitute genuine reforms which should make the army a fighting-machine of the first order. So thoroughly was this believed that the ministerial organs discreetly fostered the idea. To have dismissed Lord Lansdowne before the election was impolitic; it would have been a confession that the criticisms aimed at the War Office were justified. Retain Lord Salisbury in power, said the ministerialist supporters in press and private conversation, and you will see the reforms for which you have been clamoring. By common consent all the cabinet builders retired Lord Lansdowne from the cabinet slate, and in the reconstructed cabinet Lord Salisbury was to be relieved of the dual duties of Prime Minister and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and place at the head of the Foreign Office a man like Lord Cromer or Lord Curzon or St. John Brodrick or Mr. Chamberlain—the last, it is true, with some misgivings—but no one dared to imagine that Lord Salisbury would so utterly disregard public sentiment as to promote Lord Lansdowne to the Foreign Office. Next to the Premier, the Foreign Secretary is the most important member of the cabinet.

LORD SALISBURY is an enigma. He cultivates public opinion to the extent of shaping his policy to make it acceptable to the great body of Englishmen, to that nebulous but yet well-defined quantity "the man in the street," but for individual opinions he cares absolutely nothing. And the curious contradiction of his character is shown in that while he wants the man in the street to approve of what he does, if the man objects Lord Salisbury goes about his business in his own way, and trusts to himself to gain approval later on. Most statesmen when in doubt send up a *ballon d'essai* to test the sentiment of the country. Not so with Lord Salisbury. He lets no inkling of his purpose be known until it is *fait accompli;* then he calmly tells the Empire what he has done, and takes it for granted that the country will accept it as another evidence of his statesmanship. He knows that his political opponents will denounce him in any event, and he never cares what his opponents say. The Salisbury philosophy is that somehow or other things will come out all right in the end, and that the special providence which has the keeping of the British Empire in its possession will enable the government to "muddle through"—to use the expression coined by a member of the present cabinet—and somehow or other, not due to any special diplomatic skill or extraordinary adroitness, the government does manage to muddle through, as often to its own surprise as to that of its adversaries. Lord Salisbury is a pupil of Beaconsfield, and to some extent patterns after his prototype. Like Beaconsfield, Salisbury loves a *coup*, but Salisbury lacks the color and imagination which made Beaconsfield's *coups* so intensely dramatic. Beaconsfield always had an eye for effect, and he could arrange a climax with the skill of a playwright working up to a situation which would bring down the curtain with applause both from stalls and gallery. His purchase of the Suez Canal shares; his creation of an imperial diadem for the Queen; his triumph at Berlin, where he won "peace with honor," and picked up Cyprus; his melodramatic sensation in bringing native troops from India and landing them at Malta—were the things he delighted in. They appealed to the spectacular instinct which was always strong in him; they appealed to Englishmen, quick enough to appreciate a strong dramatic situation when it is placed before them; the boldness of his moves won half-grudging praise from even his enemies. Salisbury has tried the same thing, but never with the same success.

LORD SALISBURY was of course aware of the demand for a reconstruction of his cabinet. He might ignore the gibes of his enemies, but he could not disregard the pointed criticisms of his friends. When such a powerful Tory organ as *The National Review* said of the cabinet that "it is anything but an effective committee for managing the affairs of the British Empire, and for the reason, as we have ventured more than once to point out, that it is too large and is sadly lacking in youth and vigor," the average leader of a great political party would have bowed to the storm, and jettisoned a portion of his cargo to save his ship. Had he called a strong man to the War Office, and an equally strong man to the Foreign Office—Lord Cromer, for example, the maker of modern Egypt—he would have immeasurably strengthened his position. Lord Salisbury could have retired from the Foreign Office without loss of dignity. The work of the Foreign Office is all-engrossing, and few men in these days of great international questions have the physical and mental vigor to be Premier as well as carry the burden of a great department. Lord Salisbury had been urged by his best friends to leave the Foreign Office and devote all his energies to a general supervision of the policy for which he is responsible, but which more recently he has left largely to the discretion of his associates, owing to his indulgent nature and his fondness for "muddling through."

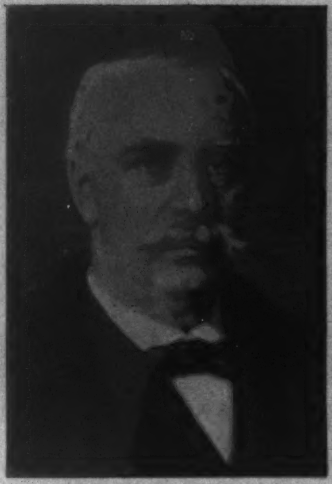
Why, then, should Lord Salisbury have made an appointment so unpopular and seemingly so uncalled for as that of Lord Lansdowne? There are two explanations. Lord Salisbury felt that the duties of the Foreign Office were too exacting, and that it was necessary for him to lighten his load. In this connection it is interesting to read what the late Henry D. Traill, the biographer of Lord Salisbury, wrote nine years ago. "The duties of the Foreign Department," he says, "are in these times too exacting, not to say exhausting, to allow him who is charged with them to exercise the general supervision of ministerial policy, which is to-day, perhaps, more needed than it ever was. It is difficult, as has been hinted, to believe that a minister so full of work can find time to study the general political situation in its almost daily changes, or energy to accommodate to it the tactics of his party. And it may be that Lord Salisbury's heroic attempt to combine the two incompatible tasks has had its share in the history of more than one untoward episode in the career of the present administration." Traill, be it observed, was no unfriendly critic of the present Premier. Lord Salisbury having felt it necessary to retire from the Foreign Office, he might have called to his side a man who would have been in fact as well as in name Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, under the general direction, of course, of his chief, or he could place in office a man who would be Foreign Secretary in name, but actually little more than a superior clerk. Lord Salisbury did the latter. He doubtless remembers Lord Lansdowne as Viceroy of India. Lord Lansdowne suspended at the end of a telegraph line and heckled by Viscount Cross, Secretary of State for India, a very fitting secretary for such a viceroy.

In the Foreign Office Lord Salisbury will still continue to speak, although it will be through the mouth of Lord Lansdowne. And another reason to explain this appointment is that Salisbury, among his other qualities, has the virtue of sticking to his friends, and believing that his judgment of men is always the right one. He put Lansdowne in the War Office because he believed him to be a military genius, which, unfortunately for the British Empire, he is not, and perhaps for the same reason he now transfers him to the Foreign Office.

LORD LANSDOWNE typifies the monopoly of political power in England. The Beaconsfields and the Chamberlains and the W. H. Smiths are rare enough in English political life—so rare, indeed, that they are eagerly exploited to show that in England genius overcomes everything—but the Lansdownes are the type. Once an Englishman of position and fortune gets into power he retains it to the last; "the Mandarins of the two Front Benches are as unchangeable as Li Hung-Chang," as a recent writer has wittily remarked. It is perfectly true. Government is a close corporation, and its proprietors, whether Liberal or Conservative, are very jealous of admitting outsiders. Once an office-holder always an office-holder may be said of a certain class of Englishmen to whom politics is a profession, not for the money in it, but for the honor, because a gentleman who has no fondness for the army or navy or the Church must be a politician if he is to be something more than a mere gentleman. Lansdowne, a man of immense wealth, with a great social position and a long and historical lineage, commenced his political life at twenty-four, when Mr. Gladstone made him a junior lord of the Treasury. Three years later he was made Under-Secretary of State for War, and held that office for two years, when he was transferred to the India Office as Under-Secretary, but he served only a few months, and resigned because he refused to follow his leader into the home-rule camp. Three years later Mr. Gladstone was magnanimous enough to overlook this defection, and appointed him Governor-General of Canada, where he served his full term of five years. In the mean time Gladstone had lost power and was succeeded by Lord Salisbury; and Lansdowne, like many other Liberals, deserted Gladstone because of his Irish policy, and joined the Unionists. Salisbury transferred him from the dignified but comparatively unimportant post of Governor-General of Canada to India, where he served for five years as Viceroy. In 1895, when Lord Salisbury formed the present cabinet, Lord Lansdowne accepted the War Office portfolio. Here is a man whose public career extends over thirty-one years, who has been given many opportunities to leave his impress upon the public service, but who during his more than three decades of office-holding has only called attention to himself by doing that which his partial biographer will touch upon as lightly as is consistent to escape the charge of falsifying history. Neither in the Treasury, the War Office, nor the India Office did he do anything to justify hopes of his coming greatness. As Governor-General of Canada, an office largely ornamental, which any man of average tact and common-sense can fill acceptably, he left the Dominion without leaving any sense of strong individuality behind him—in marked contrast, for instance, to Lord Dufferin, who was something more than a mere figure-head. It was during Lord Lansdowne's term of office that the Riel rebellion occurred. It would perhaps be unfair to charge the responsibility to the Governor-General, and yet a more vigilant Governor, one more able to detect the signs of the times, might have brought about such reforms—and much of the discontent of the half-breeds was attributable to the criminal indifference of the government—as would have prevented the uprising. From Canada to India is a long jump, but the distance from Ottawa to Simla is not greater than the qualities required between the Governor-General of Canada and the Viceroy of India. The one has practically no real power, and is merely the shadow of the sovereign; the other has power almost autocratic, and appeals to the imagination of nearly 300,000,000 Asiatics as the concrete embodiment of the power to which they are vassal.

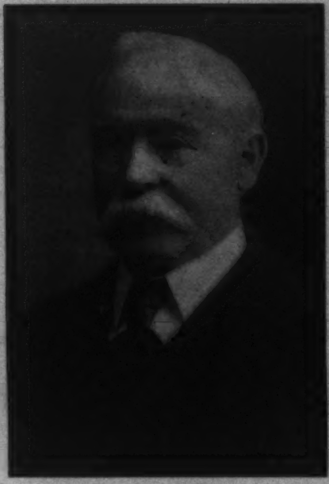
ALL Europe during the next few days will turn its eyes to Paris and watch with keenest interest what follows the meeting of the Chambers. For more than six months the political prophets in and out of France have been predicting *après moi le déluge*, "*moi*" in this case being the Exposition. The French, Europe has been told, were too canny to invite trouble until the Exposition had closed its gates, and the last centime of the last visitor had been garnered, but when the golden harvest had been safely housed anything might be expected to happen. The present government stands for peace abroad and the perpetuation of the Republic. M. Waldeck-Rousseau has determined to meet the issue boldly. The most insidious enemies of the Republic are the clericals and their organs; the same men and the same newspapers which made of Du Paty du Clam and Esterhazy heroes, and who used anti-Semitism and *l'affaire* Dreyfus as their weapons. If Waldeck-Rousseau is overthrown and the Nationalists are triumphant, it will cause an uncomfortable feeling in every European capital. For the last twenty years the anti-Republicans, which means not alone the Royalists, have been looking for the man on horseback. He has not yet been discovered, but he may be any day between night and morning, so quickly does the political kaleidoscope change in France, and then will there be another bloodless *coup d'état* or another bloody Commune?

SIR WILFRID LAURIER'S triumphant return to power is a curious illustration of the ease with which political parties borrow platforms from their opponents. In the days of Sir John Macdonald, "the Bismarck of Canada," whose creative force welded a few scattered provinces into a Dominion and infused a national spirit into a people, the Conservative party was looked upon as more loyal to England than Englishmen themselves. Because of this intense devotion to British interests Sir John and his party were regarded as unfriendly to the United States, and Americans who hoped for closer commercial and political relations between their country and Canada prayed for the success of the Liberals. Sir John died, and Sir Charles Tupper succeeded him, holding power for eighteen years, until he was turned out by Sir Wilfrid Laurier four years ago. Laurier rode in on a promise to reduce the tariff and endeavor to obtain reciprocal commercial advantages from the United States. His reciprocal tariff concessions were spurned by the United States, and as a set-off he offered Great Britain a preferential tariff on her goods. An act so gracious, which promised so advantageously to material British interests, caused Canada to be held in high favor in England, and the British Empire about that time was in a high state of patriotic emotion, aroused by the Queen's jubilee. Laurier was made much of. When the Boer war broke out Canada gave freely of her sons for the defence of the mother-country, and no man was more of an Imperialist than the Premier, a Frenchman by birth, a Catholic by religion. And it was because of his imperialism that Sir Charles Tupper asked the electorate of the Dominion to turn the Liberal party out of office. It must have made sturdy old Sir John, the very father of Imperialists, turn in his grave—Tupper, who fell heir to the Conservative leadership, denouncing Sir Wilfrid for having granted too many favors to England, of having gone too generously to the support of England in the hour of her extremity! Laurier's re-election means still closer relations with England and less likelihood of the Dominion making concessions to the United States at the expense of Great Britain.



From the Painting by Miss Eleanor Bell.

Henry Villard.
Born 1835. Died November 11, 1900.



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Marcus Daly.
Born 1842. Died November 11, 1900.

Henry Villard

A VERY remarkable man was Henry Villard, who died on November 11, and a great deal could be written about him without overdoing the subject. His life was crammed with action and adventure. He had tremendous ups and downs. The events he took part in and the things that happened to him, if adequately told, would carry willing readers through many pages of narrative. But the man himself was even more interesting than his adventures. He was a writer, a dreamer, a man of sentiment, a man of action, a financier, a philanthropist, and in his dealings with other men he seemed at times almost a wizard.

He was born in Speyer, Bavaria, in 1835, of a good family, which for several generations had furnished ministers to the Reformed Church. His father was Gustav Hilgard, who became a judge of the Supreme Court in Munich. The republican spirit was strong in the family, and an uncle of Henry's had come to America and settled in Illinois. The boy got an excellent education in the German schools, and at eighteen left the university he was in and determined to come to America. The father objecting to this move, the son—an only son—dropped his family name and assumed that of Villard. He came to this country in 1853, and in the course of a year reached his uncle's farm at Belleville, Illinois. There he began writing for the local newspaper, and after studying law for a time at Peoria, went to Chicago and began work as a newspaper correspondent, writing first in German and presently in English. He reported the Lincoln-Douglas debates for Eastern papers, was legislative correspondent at Indianapolis and Springfield for the Cincinnati *Commercial*, and for the same paper in 1859 reported on the new gold-fields in Colorado. Then came a season of work in the Lincoln campaign for the New York *Herald*, and then the civil war, and active and brilliant labors as a war correspondent. The close of the war found him associated with Horace White and Adams S. Hill (now a Harvard professor) in the management of a press bureau in Washington. In 1865 he became Eastern correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, of which Mr. White became managing editor. In 1866 he married a daughter of William Lloyd Garrison, of Boston. The next two years he spent abroad, still as a newspaper correspondent.

After living three years in Boston, he went abroad again in 1871, and being intrusted with the negotiation of certain American securities, formed associations with leading bankers in Frankfort and Berlin, to whom he made himself very useful in matters relating to American railroads. The panic of 1873 followed, and in 1874 he came back as representative of very large German railroad interests in the Northwest. Thus started as a financier he dealt very successfully for his clients, and after handling their interests with great ability through many complicated transactions, he became, in 1881, the president of the Northern Pacific Railway, which was completed under his leadership in 1883. Then came a panic which disabled that property and swept away most of the fortune which Mr. Villard had built up for himself. He then went back to Germany, raised more money, repaired his own fortune, and retrieved his reputation as a financier. Again he returned to railroad management, and in 1889 became chairman of the Board of Directors of the Northern Pacific, but retired in consequence of the disastrous results to that road of the panic of 1893 and the resulting business depression. From this second disaster Mr. Villard's reputation undoubtedly suffered, with how much justice cannot here be said, for only expert and dispassionate judges can determine the rights and wrongs of operations in railroad extension and high finance, and Mr. Villard's critics, though some of them may have been expert, were certainly not dispassionate. His private fortune suffered severely again, but was not wiped out, and with what was left he is said to have dealt so skilfully as to leave an ample fortune to his heirs.

In 1881 he bought the *Evening Post* and the *Nation*, joined them, and put them under the editorial management of Mr. Schurz, Mr. Godkin, and Mr. Horace White. Mr. Schurz soon retired; Mr. Godkin continued his labors until last year; and Mr. White is still in the harness.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

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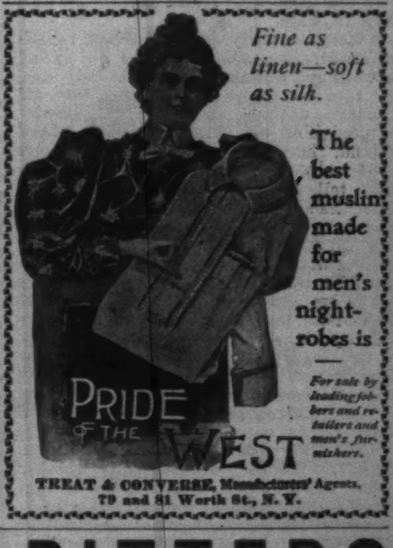

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Love's Paradox

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK

THIS is Love's best paradox
Since first the world begun:
Many is monotony,
Variety is One.

*Mr. Dooley: On Cross-Examinations**

MR. DOOLEY put down his newspaper with the remark: "They cudden't get me into coort as a witness; no, sir, not if 'twas to hang me best frind.

"'Tis hard enough," he said, "with newspapers an' cinsus officers an' th' mim'ry iv cab-dhrivers to live down ye'er past, without bein' foorced to dhrill it in a r-red coat an' with a brass band ahead befure th' eyes iv th' multitood. I did it wanst; I'll do it no more. Wanst I was summonsed to appear in th' high temple iv justice where Timothy Duffy is th' presidin' janius, as Hogan says, to give me priceless tistymony as to whether th' plumbin' in Harrigan's house was fitted to hold wather. 'Twas me opinyon, havin' had a handful iv thrumps I held in Harrigan's parlor spiled be Lake Michigan dhroppin' through th' ceilin', that said plumbin' was conthrary to th' laws an' ordinances iv th' county iv Cook, State iv Illinois, S. S. made an' provided an' th' same I put on a high hat an' a long-tailed coat an' left a man in charge iv me business, an' wint down to Halsted Street an' swore to, as solemnly as I cud, knowin' that Harrigan wudden't pay th' rent annyhow. An' what come iv it? I was two minyits givin' me tistymony, an' two hours thryin' to convince th' hon'rable coort—a loafer be th' name iv Duffy—an' th' able jury that I hadn't stolen th' shirt on me back fr'm a laundhry wagon. Th' coort was goin' to confine me in jail f'r life f'r contimpt; th' lawyer f'r th' definse sthrongly intimated that I was in th' neighborhood whin Charlie Ross was kidnapped, an' th' jury ast to be allowed to bring in a verdict iv manslaughter again me without exthra pay. As I wint out iv th' coort two or three women in large hats hissed me an' a man at th' dure threatened me with an umbrelly ontill I made a counther dimonsthration with me foot. Justice, says ye? I tell ye Hogan's r-right whin he says, 'Justice is blind.' Blind she is, an' deef an' dumb, an' has a wooden leg! Niver again will they dhraw me to a coort. I'll take th' rude justice iv a piece iv lead pipe without costs or th' r-right iv appeal.

"Here in th' pa-aper they'se a piece about a la-ad that had throuble with his vallay—"

"What's a vallay?" Mr. Hennessy interrupted.

"A vallay," Mr. Dooley explained, "is a retired English gintleman hired by millyionaires who ar-re goin' into bankruptcy to wear their clothes. Naked a millyionaire comes into th' wurruld, an' naked his vallay laves him. Th' vallay's a kind iv he-chambermaid that sees that th' millyionaire doesn't go to wurruk in his nightshirt, an' r-reads his letters. I can't make out what all iv his jooties is. He rubs th' millyionaire's head an' rubbers on his love affairs, an' afther awhile laves him an' goes to wurruk f'r a society pa-aper. 'Tis an ol' sayin' iv Hogan's that no man is a hero to his vallay. That's thrue. Th' vallay's th' hero.

"Well, this millyionaire I've been r-readin' about, he had a vallay, an' th' vallay lost his eye wondherin' who th' lady was, an' thin he dipped too sthrong into th' Floridy wather an' th' millyionaire bounced him. He fired him out. 'Lord Roland,' he says, 'go,' he says. 'We've lived too long together,' he says. 'People can't tell us apart, we stagger so much alike,' he says. 'I'm gettin' so used to ye that I have no fear iv ye,' he says. 'It was bad enough whin ye give me blue suspinders with me r-red pantaloons,' he says, 'but,' he says, 'whin I asked f'r an orange an' ye brought in th' bootjack, I felt that we cud no longer assocyate on terms iv equality,' he says. 'Ye'll have to go back to th' House iv Lords,' he says. An' he fired him out an' wudden't pay a cint iv wages he owed him f'r th' rest iv his life. So Lord Roland sues him an' has him in coort.

"Th' millyionaire thrips in thinkin' to himsilf: ''Tis on'y a question iv whether I shall pay this jook what I promised him or what he ought to ixpict fr'm a millyionaire. Do I or do I not owe Lord Ronald eighty-two dollars f'r curry-combin' me in th' nex' cinchry. I'll lave it to an intilligint jury iv honest Americans, who have always buttoned their own shirts, an' r-right will conker an' I'll keep me money.'

"That's where he was wrong. He had th' same experience I had, except mine was a case iv plumbin' an' his wan iv personal decoration. Afther he explained to th' jury that he didn't owe Lord Roland annything, because his Lordship got a dhroopin' eye fr'm dhrink an' frequently give him th' same collar ivry week, he was tur-rned over to th' attorney f'r th' prosecution, who cross-examined him.

"'We will pass over th' question iv ye'er fynancial relations with me clint,' says th' distinguished barristher, 'an' come down to ye'er own private life. To begin with, ar-re ye or ar-re ye not a man iv th' most dissolute morals?' 'Answer yes or no,' says th' coort. 'He admits it,' says th' lawyer. 'You were dhrunk in 1892?' 'I can't raymimber,' says th' millyionaire. 'Put it down that he's always dhrunk,' says th' lawyer. 'Where did ye get ye'er money? Ye don't know? Th' jury will take note iv th' fact that he prob'bly stole it. Ye'er father is dead. Did ye kill him?' 'I think so.' 'Now that ye rayfuse to pay Lord Roland what's not comin' to him, how about ye'er wife?' 'My wife isn't in this case,' says th' prisoner. 'Th' divvle she isn't,' says th' coort. 'I want ye to know that ivrybody is in this case. We play no fav'rites. Whin th' clear sunlight iv American justice is tur-rned loose on a matther iv this charackter nawthin' can be hid. Go on an' tell us about ye'er wife. Th' coort wishes to know. Th' coort is human,' says he. 'Isn't it thrue,' says th' lawyer, 'that ye'er spouse is pettish an' disagreeable be nature, an' that th' colors iv her hair ar-re not fast, an' that Lord Roland frequently peeked through th' dure an' seen ye talkin' to her? Answer me, ye fiend in human form, don't that lovely golden sheen upon her locks come out in th' wash? Tell me, monsther, tell th' hon'rable coort that's now leanin' eagerly over th' bar to catch ivry pint, tell th' jury that wud like to carry home some s'ciety chit-chat to their own tired wives, tell this intilligent concoorse iv American citizens behind me, an' th' gallant knights iv th' pen in fr-ront iv me waitin' to spread th' details to th' wurruld, tell me, ruffyian, is Hiven or Peroxide iv Hydhrogen th' author iv th' splendor? An' about her teeth—ar-re they her own? Will ye swear to it? Raymimber ye ar-re on oath. Will ye uplift ye'er hand an' swear that th' left bi-cuspid is not acquired? Is her complexion her own or fr'm day to day? Did ye iver see her befure ye were marrid, an' if so, with whom? An' about th' other women Lord Roland saw ye with. Were they no betther thin they ought to be or not as good as they might have been. I can't recall their names, but ye might tell us who they ar-re. Give us their names. Dhrag th' wretched crathers fr'm their hidin' places in th' vowdyville theatres, an' lave thim to sthand in th' clear sunlight iv American justice,' he says, 'an' be smirched,' he says.

"There was scarcely a dhry eye in th' coort whin th' larned council concluded. Th' ladies in th' audjeence applauded furyously as name afther name was brought forward. Th' judge said that he had th' time iv his life, an' th' jury, afther securin' clippin's iv th' prisoner's wife's hair, rayturned a verdict findin' Mrs. Hard Gold guilty iv peroxide in th' first degree, without extenuatin' circumstances, an' added a rider recommendin' th' ladies Lord Roland seen with Hard Gold be tur-rned out iv their lodgin's. It was a gr-reat triumph for th' r-right. It shows that th' coorts iv our fair land will put down with a stern hand th' growin' peroxide vice, an' that justice will find out evil-doers—whin they ar-re women—if it has to take th' bandages off its eyes an' hide in a clothes-closet."

"It serves th' man r-right f'r havin' wan iv them vallays ar-round th' house," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Well, it shows that," said Mr. Dooley. "An' it shows th' disadvantages iv wealth. No wan cares to hear what Hogan calls 'th' short an' simple scandals iv th' poor.' But I wasn't thinkin' about th' man in th' case."

F. P. DUNNE.

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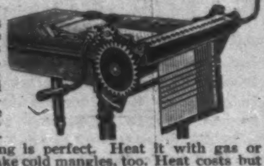

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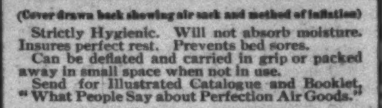

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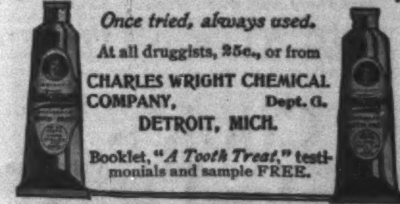

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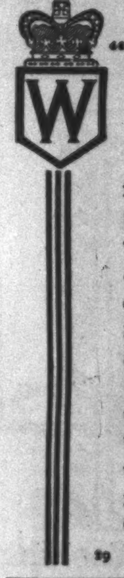

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Horse Show Standards

VARIOUS people have various ways of regarding the horse shows which are held annually in many of the larger American cities. Probably the great majority regard these affairs almost purely from a social stand-point, and look upon the horses that are exhibited as incidental to a gathering of fashionables, who show themselves and their fine clothes with much personal satisfaction and edification to the public. I have no reason to quarrel with those who take this view. The horse shows, however, are worthy of serious consideration as such. There was never a more interesting period than this for those engaged in the breeding, the training, and the sale of horses. And it is at the horse shows that the guiding standards of excellence are made and maintained. A few years ago steam power and electric power came into very general use on urban traction roads. Multitudes of horses were thrown out of business, and the price of horses in this country was reduced some twenty-five per cent. per head. In the next few years, though the number of horses was reduced, the per capita value still declined, and the horse-owners of the country were obliged to realize that the aggregate value of horses in the United States had fallen off more than five hundred million dollars. This was a most serious depreciation, and the bulk of it fell upon those the least prepared to have their prosperity dwindle in value. The average horse as a usual thing belongs to an average man; the fine horse is usually the property of the rich man. And it was the average horse which fell so seriously in value, for it was his occupation that had been curtailed, not that of the fine roadster or well-bred and well-gaited saddle-horse.

To be sure, there was a time when the vogue of the fine horses used for pleasure seemed to be threatened. That was when the bicycle fad was at its height. Hundreds of horsemen of my acquaintance gave up their horses for what they poetically called their "silent steeds," because, they argued, the latter gave them as much exercise and as much fun, and did not eat oats. In New York one of the oldest riding-schools failed because of a declining business attributable to this cause. There is no use in dwelling on the decline of the bicycle. That is apparent to every one. And the reappearance of the saddle-horse in numbers very much greater than ever before is apparent in every city or neighborhood where there is a leisure class. Before the bicycle had received its quietus the automobile began to appear, both as a pleasure and a business vehicle. Then the mechanical optimists and the equine pessimists were at one. The horse was doomed. I fancy there is not a newspaper in the country which at one time or another did not print an article called the "Horseless Age." Indeed, there was a monthly magazine of some pretensions which had a title something like that. The horse had outlived his

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time; soon he would be as obsolete as the extinct dodo. Probably there never was an instance of a more foolish placing of the cart before the horse than this. The horse, instead of going out of fashion, is more in fashion than ever before; the horse, instead of decreasing in value, is higher in value than ever before. But the horse that will survive the competition must be of a very high standard, and to-day the horses meeting the requirements are not nearly numerous enough to meet the demand.

The horse shows indicate the standards, and so instruct the breeders what is needed. Is that not serving a great economic purpose? I think so, for I am told by the Agricultural Department at Washington that in the three years from January 1, 1897, to January 1, 1900, the horses in the United States increased in value $13 a head, and in the aggregate $151,320,046. It was during this very time that electrical traction in the cities and suburban towns became universal, and the automobiles became so common that they attracted no attention either in city streets or on country roads. But, as has been said before, the horse of the present that commands a good price must be a superior animal, and it is quite certain that in ten years from now the standard will be placed even higher than it is to-day. At this time the horse trade in America is in a very wholesome condition. The demand at home is steady, and there are always European buyers in our horse-markets looking for animals to be shipped abroad.

It is usually considered that we have only one distinctive American type of horse—the American trotter. To be sure, that is the greatest and most signal achievement of American breeding, as there has been created the fleetest, the gamest, and most shapely harness-horse the world has ever seen. At the sales of trotters there are always European agents on the lookout for horses to be used on the trotting-tracks of France, Austria, and Germany, and also for stallions and mares for breeding purposes. Harness races between trotters have grown in popularity on the Continent, and the American horses win everything in sight. But we have also developed the best good-all-round horse in the world. And these horses are in great demand for cavalry service of the various armies. The very pick of these good-all-round horses may be seen in the saddle classes of the horse show. And these best show breeding, agility, beauty of conformation, intelligence, and capacity to carry weight. Indeed, I have no hesitation in saying that in no country in the world is it easier to get a good mount than in America. It is likely that the number of horses bred for the saddle will increase, for the demand is sure to grow. Horseback-riding may be a little more popular at one time than another, but it is never likely to be really unpopular. There is nothing of the fad about it. The sensation of pleasure afforded by the feeling that a good horse is under you has been recognized ever since the birth of civilization; and men will appreciate it as long as they appreciate anything. Therefore this admirable exercise will never be neglected. The horse-breeders, in looking over the field and canvassing for opportunities, should see that there will always be a good market for animals for the saddle. It is not likely that they will command the stiff prices which fine harness-horses bring, but there will be safe money in breeding for this particular class, as any reasonably active horse can be trained into a serviceable saddle-horse. Only this week I heard of a sale in New York of a four-year-old Kentucky gelding at nine hundred dollars. The breeder of that horse surely had seven hundred dollars clear profit in this transaction. As it is, however, and without having paid any particular attention to it, or made any especial effort to achieve a distinct type, we have the best saddle-horses in the world, and this means we have the best cavalry-horses. At the horse shows the judges, by their selections of winners, are always giving practical illustrations of what types the breeders should aim at. With the best basic stock to start from, it seems to me that very wonderful results could be obtained in the course of twenty years or so.

At this time the United States, as a horse-producing country, is only second to Russia, Argentina being third, and Austro-Hungary fourth. In value, however, the American horses are far ahead, both in the aggregate and the per capita value. The wild horses in this country are comparatively scarce; in Russia they are numerous, and in Argentina much more so. This accounts for the higher value of the horses in America. Range-bred horses will get scarcer always here, as the grasslands are rapidly being taken up by farmers. Farmers are the great horse-breeders in America, and considering the haphazard way in which they manage the business, it is quite wonderful that we have achieved the position we have. The old-fashioned country fairs used to set the standards, and in some localities they still maintain them, but even the country fairs now get their standards from the horse shows.

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FINANCE
BY A. K. FISKE

THE activity of the stock-market which immediately followed the Presidential election was not a passing "boom," but a substantial recovery of vitality after a long depression. It kept up steadily, with growing vigor and advancing prices, for a week, and then the reaction was slight and followed by recovery. The fluctuations are the natural result of speculative trading. There is a strong disposition to buy on the rising market, to get the benefit of higher prices, but soon the buyers reach their limit, and have to sell to realize their profits. This profit-taking movement tends to depress prices, and others begin to sell "short" to profit by the lowering prices, calculating to obtain stocks for delivery at lower rates they have sold them for. When this movement exhausts itself there is another turn, and the buying at advancing prices begins again. Of course there can be no more buying than selling, or vice versa, but the pressure upon the market may be a buying one, which pushes up prices, or it may be a selling one, which bears them down. There is a good deal of deliberate manipulation in both processes intended to affect the market for the profit of professional traders, and so the "bulls and bears" contend for mastery in a contest in which the unwary outsider is liable to contribute to the gains of both.

The sales on the New York Stock Exchange for several days continued to outrun the capacity of the tickers to report them, and many went unrecorded. The record passed 1,600,000 shares in a day, and was the highest ever achieved, while several hundred shares escaped on some days. The highest estimate of daily sales was about 2,300,000 shares. This was not by any means a mere fever of speculation, and the advance in prices was not in violent spasms or to excessive altitudes. Much of the buying was for investment or for control, and the leading railroad and most trustworthy industrial shares figured prominently. The gain in leading stocks for a week beginning the day after election varied from 3 or 4 to 10 or 12 points, the steel and electric stocks taking the lead, and local transit and gas coming next, with standard rails following close. In the reaction there was no slump, and the recovery was firm, indicating a steady higher level.

In fact, the activity and strength in stocks were only an index of a substantial recovery of vitality and tone in general business. The steel stocks advanced because the prospects of profit in the iron and steel industries were greatly improved. Orders which had been held back came promptly forward, those that had been conditional were confirmed, new agreements upon selling prices were made, idle furnaces and mills started up, and plans even for new or extended works were announced. The general level of prices has been fairly adjusted for pig-iron, steel billets, structural steel, plates, rails, bars, rods, etc., etc. Somewhat lower than in 1899, but considerably higher than that upon which most new sales had to be made during the summer. New activity in iron and steel naturally affects the coal-output and the business of the railroads, and the hope and promise thereby held out add to the buoyancy of the stock-market. All along the reports of actual earnings by railroads, with few exceptions, have compared favorably with those of a year ago, though the grain traffic of the West shows a slight diminution.

The foreign markets, especially that of London, shared in the lively transactions in American securities. At first, tempted by the higher prices on this side, the foreign holders were mostly sellers of our stocks, and the balance of transactions for a week or two was heavily on the side of selling. This tended somewhat to redress the commercial balance and strengthen the rates of exchange, and although the excess of the export over import of commodities continues large, there has been no fresh sign of a gold movement in this direction. Though the rates for money have been somewhat firmer, the condition of the loan-market has continued to be one of ease. In spite of activity in stocks the loans and deposits of the New York banks diminished, as reckoned on the averages for the week, and the reserves suffered little. The movement of the supply of funds has been near the equilibrium between the demands from the West and South and the settlements in the East. The flow from now on is likely to be inward. The ease of the money-market in spite of unusual demands for business and the unexampled activity in stocks is due to the abundance of funds caused by a continual increase in the gold supply and the expansion of bank circulation, which has amounted to some $85,000,000 since the refunding act was passed.

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